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NATIONAL FREEHOLDS.

By FREDERICK J. WILSON.

No person, it is to be presumed, will declare the present system of our social existence as tending to the happiness of the individual, or that the thousand and one projects that are beneficially proposed can in any way materially effect a real improvement for the mass of society. Each project may do a little to alleviate the condition of the few, but the many soon occupy the places out of which the few have been improved; so the last condition for the efforts of benevolence are worse than the first. Such being the case, there must be something radically wrong in our social organisation, and this wrong, I maintain, is the absence of national freeholds under State sanction.

We must begin by an inquiry into the real position of each individual born in the country, and what are his rights as so born? The answer is, that he has the right to live, the right to think, and the right to work; or, in other words, that the nation is bound to find food, instruction, and occupation for every individual who demands it. The nation, as the State, can only say—Here is the land; cultivate it and produce food. Here is the church, the college, and the school; be instructed. And for occupation, those who do not require land, will find occupation in supplying materials for those who do; and for the remainder we, the State, provide farms, schools, and workshops, where you, the remainder, can obtain by work a competence for your requirements. If the State would so act, all the social evils from which the country suffers would be eliminated; and there would be no necessity for any one of the benevolent projects that are now advocated.

What is the condition of affairs as now sanctioned by the State? As to the land, it is in the hands of the few; these few sublet the land to tenants, who hold the land on the lease of good behaviour and obedience to the owner's authority. The

consequences are that the farmer does not sufficiently cultivate his land, for fear of the rent being raised; so a large amount of produce is withheld from the country. Secondly, As he holds his political opinions at the direction of the landlord, the counties are virtually under the political influence of the landed aristocracy. Thirdly, As the landlord looks upon his farms as shooting preserves rather than for the production of food, the game sensibly diminishes the half cultivation that the farmer supplies. Fourthly, As probably one-sixth of the farmers are tenants at six months' notice to quit, it is obvious they will introduce as few improvements of a permanent character into the farm as possible. So the national increasing value of the farm is hindered, and the farmer takes the farm, not as a home, not as a means of increasing his capital, but as a means of existence, with the agreement to vote as the landlord wishes, to show a good stock of game, and to keep his social, political, and religious opinions to himself.

There is no necessity to illustrate these statements by examples. Of course, such conduct is in the nature of things. Given the power, how can you expect it should be used otherwise than selfishly? If you (reader) had an estate, would you act differently? If you would, what would be the good of the estate to you? It would be an orange without juice. For the pleasure of an estate outside of the cultivation is in the position it represents, and the position is in the power you can exercise. So we are not complaining of the landlords; it is of the legal custom that has sanctioned the existence of landlords.

What of the towns? The towns, like the land in the counties, are in the possession of the few. These few sublet the dwellings to middlemen, and in some cases the dwellings are so wretched that humanity cries out against the degradation. Such dwellings may indeed be termed "Dangerous Houses," not in the sense of that class of dwelling built of bad materials, that requires trussing up and repairing before you have been a year in the occupancy, but dangerous from disease, as being ill-drained, ill-ventilated, exemplified in these back-to-back houses in Nottingham—dangerous as slums of moral degradation, where misery shelters itself to reproduce misery.

Go you to see, as squalor leads the way,
Where squalor's sceptre has unquestioned sway,
Where man—through animal—becomes a ghoul,
And crawls in fear and hate through vapours foul.
Where children, screaming as their mother falls
By father's fist, who to his Maker calls,
As, standing o'er his wife in tottering force,
He bellows curses till his throat is hoarse.

Yes! go where filth and misery must dwell,
 And from necessity endure the smell;
 Dreading the contrast cleanliness would make
 To bestial vice; resignedly partake;
 Thus shunning social notice in bereavement,
 Will cheat the conscience to impel achievement,
 Until the nauseate fumes had choked ability,
 And soothed their souls to stolid imbecility.

Is such a state of things foredoomed to last?
 Yes, hope of modest cleanliness is past;
 How can the poor be otherwise than bad,
 With not a decent lodging to be had,
 Except at prices that they cannot pay
 And leave enough to keep the wolf away.
 Why not? Because the town is owned by one,
 And he takes care that nothing shall be done.

O Parliament! we ask you to attend
 To this, and be *at last* the poor man's friend;
 Pull down these nests of fever-breeding dirt,
 "Pull up" this owner who is so inert
 As to allow his property to stand
 For breeding filth and curses in the land;
 With Scripture to this napkin-hider say,
 "Your wealth you waste—we take your wealth away."

But take the better class of tenements—the rents perpetually being raised, and improvements and repairs demanded of the tenant that absorb the major portion of his profits; or he is a lodger, who looks upon his lodging as a dormitory, with no personal or interested association in connection therewith.

Talk to the people of home, sweet home! there is no place of the kind (except with fortunate freeholders) anything like home in the country. The whole population is virtually dwelling in their own county by the permission of the landlords. Talk to such of improvement! "Why should I improve my house for the benefit of the landlord?" as for the leaseholder, the longer he lives in his house the less interest he has in it. The consequence is, that the nation has become a people divested of stability, self-respect, national interest, or patriotic feeling; who spend their money in drink, amusements, dress, and display, and let the morrow take care of the requirements of to-morrow. "When I had my money, I had my fling; and if I had saved it up, in case of slackness of work, I should be a week or so behind the man who has saved up nothing; what's the good, then, of provident habits?"

Let us look at the social condition of the upper classes under this landlordism. Their homes are in their business; and the houses they live in are but the reception-rooms for themselves and families. As to the cultivation of a taste in art, or literature, or the delight of a hobby, they know they dare not indulge in such refinements; for when the removal comes, the destruction of delicate objects would be almost as bad as a sin. Music is the only art that is cultivated. In fact, the lives of the great mass of the people are artificial, their ideas are migratory, and their minds vacant, docile, and childish; and no alteration can be expected until the fact of living in a house and working on land that is (with State permission) their own—to do as they please with, sell as they please, bequeath as they please, and enjoy as they please, as the right of every house-occupier and land-cultivator in the country.

Leaving out the consideration of the two questions—the right to think and the right to work as separate from the question of the right to live—you ask how such a desideratum as National Freeholds can be obtained?—Simply by advocating the passing of an Act in accordance with the following resolution, viz., that all rent and tenancy to an individual is morally, socially, and politically wrong, and shall be legally impossible.

But on what grounds could you argue such a deviation from the present system of landlordism?—It must be clearly recognised that the land of England is the property of the nation. Parliament takes from the individual any portion of land it may require, making due compensation, or the equivalent, decided upon by arbitration.

The lands in towns and counties have come into the hands of the few from various causes; and the land in towns being largely let for leases of 99 years and under, for an annual rental, so soften the appearance of the injustice, by the length of time for the building of a house in which three generations are secure of dwelling without interruption, and so saving the capital for this original purchase that would otherwise have to be paid for this possession of a freehold; the possession of a long leasehold has become to be considered as an equivalent (by deception) to a freehold. With many landlords also, the farm tenant on entering virtually considers that his farm is his for ever, for the landlord has the character of transmitting the farm from father to son; and so a benevolent despotism has grown up in the tenants accepting the conditions of the landlord, and there is no further trouble about the matter. The tenants do as they are bid, and so they are never chid.

But we have to consider not only the few who willingly submit to this benevolent despotism, but the many who, living on

farms and in towns, do suffer severely from the increase of rent and the uncertainty of tenure, and also the direct injury to the nation by such accumulations of national property in the possession of a class.

And so the many should demand an alteration of the law in conformity with the requirements of national justice.

It has been proved that the nation has not only the power but the right to re-regulate the land of the county; and in recognising the evil that lands in the hands of the few, making the many subservient to their authority, demoralises the many, and diminishes the internal wealth of the country.

Therefore, the Act should proclaim that all farms and house occupancers shall at once be considered as the freeholders of their farms; or town and village occupancers, as so living on the farms, or in the houses: That the rent now paid to the landlord shall be considered as the interest of the capital at four per cent.: That the rent shall be paid into a district bank, and that the landlord shall continue to draw his present rental from the bank for ever: That the capital representing the interest shall be paid by the freeholder when he pleases; but that he cannot claim the title-deeds until the capital is paid in full: That the State shall institute a Land Consolidated Stock (the most secure investment for the National Savings Bank), and out of the subscribed stock, or by Government circular bills of one hundred pounds, pay the present landlords any portion of the capital they may at any time require, deducting four pounds from the sum they annually draw from the bank as the interest for every hundred pounds they have so drawn out: That the landlord shall only be permitted to capitalise rent to the amount of twenty thousand a year, all rent over that sum will be reduced twenty-five per cent. on the next heirship, and so on, until on the accession of the great-great-grandson of the present landlord, who will then receive his twenty thousand a year for land-rents for ever.

Such being the intentions of the Act, the question may be asked, on what arguments we claim the right to interfere with the possession of private property?—Land is not private property. Land is national property, let to individuals to cultivate for the benefit of themselves and the country. If they do not cultivate the land, it is obvious that to appoint another to fulfil the trust they contracted, is to violate that trust, and to destroy the free-will of the person to whom they entrust the cultivation of the land. This is the first law of existence; for, if I may own land, and sublet my ownership, I am not only in direct opposition to the State, where my interests are concerned, but I claim to suborn others to help me in opposing the State, which is political mutiny.

The question may also be asked, If land is free, why should not all have some?—If this Act was passed, all could have land who wished for it. The value of a thing is what it will then fetch; and as land would be far more in the market than it is at present, any one who had some money could buy it. Of course, the present clumsy and expensive system of buying land would be done away with, and the whole transfer would be effected at the Government Office, or the National District Bank, for a small and graduational payment. In the first place, England would be divided into districts. Each district land office would have a map (as now published of six inches to the mile),—the district maps could be enlarged to two feet a mile—so that every yard of land could be identified as one yard in one sub-subsection of acre, in one quarter square mile.

Now, suppose I am a registered owner of five acres. You wish to buy that land. We attend at the office with two witnesses, and I then and there sign a transfer of my land to you, hand you over the title-deeds, and the land is registered in your name, for you to lease and entail on your son, and son's son, or to any one you please, on your death, as the object is to give permanent homes to the people.

What arrangements would be made as regards mortgaging the property?—No mortgage can be made beyond the assumed value of three-fourths of the property. The mortgaged money will be advanced by the Government district offices, which money will be obtained from the Consolidated Land Stock, at a standard per centage. Suppose a freeholder has two daughters and two sons; if he has not during his life prepared any assistance as future help or support, he may saddle the estate with a mortgage for their benefit, leaving the property to the eldest son. The eldest son pays the interest on the mortgage, may redeem it, and the Land Office settles with the children affected by the mortgage. Of course, if the interest on a mortgage is not paid when due, the mortgage is liable (unless satisfactory arrangements are made) to be foreclosed.

Now let us consider the benefit resulting to the nation from the passing of this Act of Parliament. In the counties, the yeomen of England (the backbone of a nation's stability and patriotism) are restored to England with farms that are their own. They will employ a larger amount of labour, make permanent improvements, increase their produce, and, for the advantage of towns, make fruit and vegetables so cheap, that the nation would be literally fed for half, or less than half, the price that is now paid for vegetables and fruits in the market. With the possession of a home comes the love, respect, and industry—the natural consequences of its possession. Then external pleasures

fail of inducement. If a home, and interest in home, the necessary information in relation to its interests being obvious, education will be a voluntary acquirement instead of an artificial imposition; the school would become the joy of children, rather than the terror of incarceration; and the School Boards would become the organisers for this supply, rather than the hunters of paternally sanctioned truancy. As home is the nest of virtue, a new moral tone will spring up in society; for loose homes makes loose morals, and indifference to the future. Assured home makes sound morals, and a careful consideration of to-morrow, as the harvest for the efforts of to-day.

How would the influence of the Act be felt in the towns?—As every one would be living in his own house as his home, subject only to the improvement and extension of towns, so each owner would improve his home, as he would be a permanent resident. He would take an interest in the town and prevent the extravagances—for example, the road-bed being broken up on repaving; so the new bed has to settle as well as the pavement, and in a short time the whole expense has to be gone over again.

To show the instability of our town population, I was informed by an agent for the London Directory that one-third of the inhabitants of London change their residence every year. With such migratory ideas in the minds of the inhabitants, how can it be expected that the social influences shall have fair play to develop? To make an acquaintance that has the inclosement of a friendship promoting intimacy is impossible. The consequence is that all relaxation from labour is in accepting advertised amusements for the evening, or the patronage of places where your presence is a calculated profit.

What would be the influence of the Act on trade?—All manufactures for domestic requirement, too numerous to mention, but may be classed as articles for comfort, as books, pictures, statues, decorations, and the refinements that are the embodiment of taste (good, bad, or indifferent), would be enormously increased, so that the stimulus awakened would circulate money to an extent that cannot be stated; and every article so made represents a sum of value many years after it was purchased, so that wealth of the country would be an increase of increase.

What objection can the landlords urge against the passing of this Act?—Of course we cannot expect they will approve of it, for it destroys the *prestige* of authority which they have hitherto held in their power over the people, and the management of the affairs of the nation. But outside of this practical sentiment the great majority would lose nothing but the increased value of the land they now own—the value of which land has

increased many fold within this century, with comparatively little effort on their part to produce the result. Their present rentals would be paid to them regularly; they have their mansions, parks, home farms, preserves, plantations, woods, and water for ever; and it would be only the Broddignag possessors of property who would, in the heirship of their children's children, feel the prospective gradational diminution of their enormous incomes (how obtained need not be inquired into); and as their great-great-grandsons would be in the receipt of twenty thousand a year, it would be a long look forward in their offer of an objection to the Act of Parliament as a personal grievance.

What does public opinion say in favour of the Act?—Speaking in favour of the Gas Companies, in a leading article of the *Daily Telegraph*, of the 29th July, the following is an extract of the opinions expressed:—

“As matters at present stand, Lord Camperdown's proposal is thrown out, and the Bill of the Gaslight and Coke Company will, in all probability, become law this session. We cannot, however, regard the measure in question as a satisfactory settlement, and it is upon the whole a cause for regret that Lord Camperdown's amendment should not have passed. Sooner or later, the time must inevitably come when great cities such as London will take the supply of their gas and water into their own hands, as several provincial towns have already done. There is no reason whatever why the 10 per cent. divided by the gas companies should not be employed in the reduction of metropolitan local taxation. To allow private companies to charge us their own prices for gas and water is, in reality, as absurd as to grant a monopoly of salt, or bread, or locomotion, or, indeed, any other ordinary necessary of daily life. Such privileges are granted chiefly for the benefit of the public, and when they cease to operate in this way, they ought no longer to remain in force. It is absurd to talk of ‘confiscation’ in the matter. Government gives a monopoly, and Government, in the interests of the consumers, has a right, if it thinks fit, to withdraw it, paying the monopolist whatever he may be actually out of pocket, and no more. The holder of a monopoly guaranteed by the State has no ground whatever for preferring a claim for what may be called ‘indirect profits.’ As long as his special privilege continues, he pockets a good dividend upon it, and he must be content at any moment to be bought out at a fair and reasonable price. At present the inhabitants of London are heavily taxed to provide fat dividends for shareholders in water and gas companies. It is not probable that so anomalous a state of things will long continue; and although Lord Camperdown was defeated on Thursday night, we may safely anticipate that the time is not far distant when the substance of his proposal will be accepted by the Legislature.”

Translate the word, “Gas” as “Land,” and the same argument will apply to the landlords. Let us paraphrase the sentence:—“To allow private persons to charge us their own prices (and the rents of London are high enough) for land as ground-rent, water, commonage, &c., is in reality as absurd as to grant a monopoly of salt, or bread, or locomotion, or indeed any other

necessity of daily life. Such privileges are granted chiefly for the benefit of the public, and when they cease to operate in this way, they ought no longer to remain in force. It is absurd to talk of confiscation in this matter. Government has given a monopoly in land, and Government, in the interest of the occupiers, has a right if it thinks fit to withdraw it, paying the land monopolist whatever he may be actually out of pocket, and no more."

Indeed, one may go paraphrasing the whole of this noble statement of the rights of the people of England, which is sound in equity, sound in justice, and tends to the greatest happiness of the greatest number. If, therefore, my argument is sound, I offer it for national acceptance.

S H A K E R I S M.

By DAVID BROWN.

(Concluded from page 408.)

At most of the societies the brethren are mostly old men and boys, for the young men, as a rule, will not stay. I have heard that there has been a great falling off, and that formerly their numbers were about four thousand, though I am told there is scarcely two thousand now. It is quite evident they have fallen into the same errors as the various sects outside, for in proportion as they have increased in material wealth, they have to a large extent gone down in spirituality,—and that is the case with the Shakers. I have been told repeatedly that ever since the spiritual manifestations were discontinued, and the brethren forbidden to exercise their gifts, the Church has declined and they have gone down. The Word says that where there is no vision the people perish. The true Church has always had this gift, and always will have. It is its high prerogative, and any Church lacking it is almost sure, sooner or later to merge into externalism, ritualism, and materialism, all which is too patent before our eyes. It is true the Shakers have accumulated a considerable amount of wealth through their own industry, and having done so, one would naturally imagine that they would branch out in other directions and introduce the arts and sciences, all which have a tendency to refine and to elevate the human mind; but no, they seem far more disposed to talk about their crops, their cattle, and their lands, and, from what I have heard, there is a rivalry with the different families as to which can do the most business and make the most money, notwithstanding their plainness of dress and simplicity of manners. They publish a monthly periodical called the *Shaker and Shakeress*, but no one through reading that paper can gather any-

thing like an accurate idea as to what the life really is, it simply represents the religious element and that is all; being a one-sided affair, consequently, many through reading it draw false conclusions, and then go to Mount Lebanon to be disappointed. There came a family from Worcester, England, while I was there, and also a married couple from one of the States near Saratoga Springs, but they did not stay long, and went away bitterly disappointed; yet, when such instances occur, Elder F. W. Evans will say that such persons are not willing to take up their cross, and are not sufficiently prepared for the work. Out upon it and all such like! The very fact of such persons leaving their homes and throwing up their business is a proof that they have taken up their cross, and if the place was anything like what it ought to be they would never shrink from the cross; but when the cross becomes so heavy that instead of being able to bear it they are obliged to sink under it, surely then it is time to leave.

Whenever any person visits Mount Lebanon who is of high standing in literature, the elders are most anxious for such to write on Shakerism; hence, the flying reports which have at different times appeared in the public papers by persons who know nothing whatever of the real life of a Shaker, but only write according to their first impression. I heard of several who came there through reading Hepworth Dixon's "New America," but they had been disappointed, for he could only give the sunny side as he never saw anything else. Henry Vincent, also, has evidently produced a wrong impression as to what Shakerism really is, inasmuch as he was only there a short time, and therefore, he could only give to others as he had it given to him. It is also contrary to order for any visitor to have any intercourse with the brethren or sisters, except the object of his visit be to see some member of the family, and then there is generally some other member of the family in their presence all the time, so that nothing can be said but what is in keeping with the institution; hence all the information which visitors receive is from the elder alone, except the person who has charge of the visitors, and who stands very nearly related to the elder. This is a positive fact, to which all can testify who have ever lived there; and yet this is the Church that was seen by the ancient seers in vision, and was foretold by the prophets, and is now being ultimated through their instrumentality in these latter days! This is the Zion to which all who are ready for the sickle must sooner or later be garnered therein! Most preposterous! and an utter perversion of the teachings of Him they claim as their founder, and who said, He that will be greatest among you, let him be your servant.

I had not been at Mount Lebanon more than two months before Elder F. W. Evans wanted me to write to Mr. Burns, editor of the *Medium and Daybreak*, England, but I refused, saying, that I wished to give it a fair trial, and then I would write. If the institution was on a proper basis, they would not need to ask persons to write who have only been there a very short time, and consequently are not in a position to give an accurate idea of the place; neither would they need to print books advocating the claims of Shakerism; nor would they need to send missionaries over to England to make proselytes, but the place would recommend itself, and hundreds would be glad of such a home. However, having given it a trial, I have written, though it is a different version to what the elders expected; nevertheless it is the truth, and they are at liberty to refute it if they can. I have neither written for praise nor blame, nor from any personal ill-feeling, but simply in obedience to an impression that it was my duty so to do. I know also, that what I have written here will be written in Heaven, and that its consequences will follow me according to the truthfulness or untruthfulness of what I have here stated. One thing I am sure of, if it should get to Mount Lebanon not one of the family would be allowed to read it; and if the elder reads it, I have not the least doubt but that he will say I have been actuated by evil spirits, and that I look at things from a material rather than a spiritual stand-point. When I first notified to the elder that I should leave, he told me at once that it was nothing but a temptation of the devil, and that I was still in the gall of bitterness and in the bonds of iniquity, requiring a deeper baptism of the Shaker faith and life of the gospel. It was in vain that I tried to reason with him, saying, that though there were many things which I highly appreciated, still there were other things which I could by no means conform to. This he said was owing to my own unbelief and hardness of heart, and that I was still poor, and blind, and miserable; and that if I could only realise that oneness of thought and feeling which existed in all true believers, I could never for a moment think of leaving, but would find it a home both for soul and body.

Still while the spiritual sphere which pervades them is allowed to be mixed up with such gross absurdities, such narrow-mindedness, and such a violation of the laws of life, I prefer rather to be outside worshipping in the temple of nature. And with the sun to shine by day, and the moon and stars by night; with the great Spirit who is ever brooding over all His children, and His good angels who are ever near us, there is nothing to fear while faithful to the light within; for the Most High

dwelleth not in temples made with hands, but in the soul that is strong to do His will, who is endeavouring to work out the inspiration of the hour, and unflinching in the cause of truth and righteousness; and as the blue vault of heaven overspans the horizon, so the divine providence surrounds all, provides for all, and by the agency of His ministering spirits, both in the body and out of the body, all shall ultimately be gathered home to the great Father, and there shall be one fold and one shepherd.

ADDENDA.

Since I left the Shakers I have often been asked if they were true to their vow of celibacy, to which I have invariably replied that I believed they were, though there might be some exceptions to the rule. Still I was often struck at the frequency with which this subject was introduced in their meetings; for in most of their meetings it is almost sure to have a prominent place more or less. Hence their testimony is against the filthy generative nature which belongs to the flesh, and a rising in the resurrection life of virgin purity. It is true, in their books and at their public meetings they say that they don't war against the marriage institution, nor the propagation of their species; only, that it belongs to the natural order, while they belong to the spiritual order. Still in their private meetings at home, the generative nature is condemned in unmeasured terms as being beastly and despicable, and as forming no part whatever in the new millennium. I thought that persons who had been celibates for thirty or forty years would have had other subjects for discourse, rather than those essentials which formed the groundwork of their faith, and as I could not see the application of the subject to those who were celibates, and had consequently died out of the generative life, I therefore mentioned the circumstance to the elder, but he gave me to understand that what was said at the meetings had sometimes reference to some of the other families; so that whether there is any breach of this subject in the other families I cannot say—all that I can say is, that I never saw anything to the contrary. Shortly after I left I heard of several rumours afloat about Shakers who had violated their vows, but I did not take much notice of it, knowing that there are exceptions to the rule in every movement, though I was struck to see how high public feeling ran against the Shakers. As I stayed in and about New Lebanon for some months, I had an opportunity of hearing what the neighbours had to say outside, and I must say, that I scarcely met with a single individual who spoke favourably of them: the saying is, that going to the Shakers is like going down south. There are

many reports which are current, some of which are no doubt exaggerated, while others may be false, and yet others to which the Shakers will have to plead guilty. I was informed by a man who had worked for the Shakers, about a girl who had lived at Mount Lebanon about four years ago, and whose friends had been to fetch her away, but they refused to part with her, and for fear her friends should take her by stratagem, they concluded to send her to another family in the night time, where they thought she would be out of their reach. By some means, however, the people of New Lebanon were apprised of the matter, and laid in wait for the girl. So, in the dead of the night, while the Shakers were taking the girl in one of their carriages, those who were concealed surrounded them, stopped the horses, and took the girl away by force, and delivered her to her friends; and the Shakers had to return home without delivering their charge. Mr. Tilden, also of New Lebanon, is much noted for his liberality and good nature in assisting the runaway Shakers, and supplying them with money to return to their friends, and he employs some of them in his herbal factory, so that in some respects it seems like the Quakers who used to assist the runaway slaves from the Southern States as recorded in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," for Shakerism is most unquestionably slavery modified.

As it has been remarked, the Shakers believe that Jesus Christ was the first in the male line of the Shaker order. I have read the Gospels through, but cannot find it anywhere stated that Jesus ever sanctioned a life of celibacy in preference to a life of matrimony; neither can I find that He ever exhorted His disciples to live a community life, and have all things in common. It is true He enunciated great principles, which should form the basis of all human institutions which have for their object the uplifting of humanity; but it is also true that He left the working out of those institutions to those who should in due time succeed Him, and who should be endowed with the special gift for their special work. Shortly after the resurrection of Jesus, the early Christians lived a community life, and had all things in common; but from the little there is revealed on that subject, we have every reason to believe that it was on a superior basis to the Shakers, for we are informed that they who had lands sold them, and brought the money and laid it at the apostles' feet; from which we infer that the apostles acted in concert, and this we have every reason to believe, as it was in accordance with the teaching of their Lord and Master, instead of one having pre-eminence over all the rest, like the Shakers. And as it regards Ann Lee, whom they believe to be the second appearance of Christ in the female line, the case is thus: Many of the

prophets, when speaking of the Church, treat it under the similitude of a woman. Hence, in Jeremiah xxxi. 22, a woman shall compass a man; and in Psa. xlv. 13, 14, where we read of the King's daughter in fine raiment; also, in the 12th chapter of the Apocalypse, where we read of a woman clothed with the sun, and the moon under her feet, having on her head a crown of twelve stars, and other passages, all which they believe to have a reference to Ann Lee, who left England in 1774 for America, and who was the founder of their society. Now whether this be true or not must be left for every person to draw their own conclusions. However, it is certain that prophecies as a rule refer to principles and great epochs rather than individuals, and in this sense can be applied to us all more or less in proportion as we embody the principles in action, which are the burden of prophecy; so that, if Ann Lee was really filled with the spirit of Christ, and fulfilled her mission, she in her degree fulfilled those prophecies just as any other person who does the same; but to say that those passages refer to her alone and no one else, that I very much question. This reminds me of a statement of a distinguished writer, who states that all the heresies which have sprung up in Christendom have been in consequence of taking appearances for truth, for genuine truth; for men being worldly-minded, and lacking that spiritual independence which is necessary for the comprehension of truth, have caught, as it were, only fragmentary glimpses of truth, and upon these our false systems of theology and our social edifice have been reared, consequently, a great deal that has been done has got to be undone: hence the dissensions and disruptions which are so common in the Churches; hence the spirit of unrest and agitation, the spirit of free inquiry and of liberty, all which presage a sifting process—the old rapidly passing away, and a new advent dawning on our world. And however the pride, arrogance, and ambition of man may keep perpetuating itself, as it has done in past ages, still it must be dispersed before the brightness of His coming, whose fan is in His hand, and who will thoroughly purge His floor; after which we shall see that more comprehensive brotherhood, which includes both Jew and Gentile, black and white, bond and free, and all nationalities. When the interest of one nation shall be seen to be the interest of every nation—when all shall be bound together and work together for the common good, so that when one suffers all the rest will suffer, and by aspiration and inspiration, and the conspiracy of each to all, and all to each, every want shall be supplied; for the nations of the earth shall bring their offerings and cast them, not merely at the elders' feet, nor merely at the apostles' feet, but at the Master's feet; for all wealth, all talent, all com-

merce, and all power shall be devoted to the common good. The Lord's kingdom shall come, and His will be done on earth as it is done in heaven. The tabernacle of God shall be with men, and He will dwell with them, and be their God, and they shall be His people. Every yoke shall be broken, and the oppressed go free; and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes, and there shall be no more sorrow, nor pain, nor death, for the former things are passed away.

May 29th, 1876.

PROGRESSIVE EDUCATION.

By PERCY ROSS HARRISON, B.A., *Principal of the Progressive College, Grasmere.*

IMPORTANCE OF THE SUBJECT.

THERE is scarcely any subject which claims greater or more careful attention from those who interest themselves in the progress of humanity than the education of the young. We know that the lives of men and women here, with their labours and their amusements, their health and their sickness, their happiness and their misery, depend in a large measure on the associations of their childhood, and on the merits or defects of the education they have received. Not only is a man's prosperity in this life often wholly marred by a lack of suitable example and instruction in his early years, but his suffering must, in too many cases, be carried to another plane of existence, where he will have to struggle bitterly with the evil habits and tendencies he has contracted on earth, and by ages of toil and sorrow atone, as it were, for the ignorance and neglect of his parents, or for the selfishness and short-sightedness of the age and nation to which he has belonged. Nor does the evil end here: though the man has been removed from earth, his influence remains. He has left behind him sons and daughters, or, at least, friends and comrades, as wanting in wisdom as he has been; and thus the consequences of neglected education are spread and multiplied.

OUR RESPONSIBILITY.

Hence it is that our responsibility is so great; and it is a matter for congratulation that not only philanthropists, but England at large now acknowledges the duty of educating her children. But, in a matter of so great importance, we must not rest satisfied that every child is educated by Act of Parliament; we must ask What is the nature of the education that our children receive? what is its extent? is it the best that we can give them—the best to fit them for the duties of life, and so the best to prepare them for future stages of development?

ALTERATION IS NEEDED.

Some of our colleges and schools have been a good deal remodelled and altered for the better of late years; but still we cannot but say, even with regard to the best of them, that there is scope for much further improvement. Old prejudices need to be combated, and free thought encouraged; the teachers need to be more devoted to their work, more interested in their pupils; the lessons should be more attractive in their form, more practical in their bearing; more homage should be paid to the laws of nature, and less to the dictates of fashion. Above all, in the breasts of those who are engaged in the holy office of educating the young, should no thoughts of worldly interest reign, but their hearts should be devoted singly to the cause of doing good.

WHAT IS EDUCATION ?

Education, it must be premised, does not consist merely of the tasks we commit to memory at school: it is rather that long chain of influences and associations which affect us, physically, intellectually, morally, and spiritually, as we pass on our life's journey from the cradle to the grave; ay, and further still.

EDUCATION IN INFANCY.

Education begins with a child's parents. Next it devolves upon a nurse, or any one who has charge of the infant during its early years. At this tender age the child's mind is exceedingly sensitive; and not only do the acts and words of the nurse impress themselves upon the little one, but even her thoughts and secret emotions are often (by some law of solidarity but little understood) transferred to the sensitive mind of her charge. This is why nurses and governesses, instead of being chosen from inferior grades of society, should be selected from the best, the most refined, the most unselfish ladies in the land. When will ladies come forward to do this great work? For my part, I believe there are now in England many noble ladies who would enter heartily on such a vocation. Give them an opportunity of doing so without compromising their social position, and you will see what zealous philanthropists many of our ladies are.

It has been said that a child's mother is his best nurse. But such an arrangement can, I think, only be advantageous in exceptional cases. To say nothing of the many mothers who, at the present day, are not morally qualified to assume this responsible function, are not mothers, as a rule, too much occupied with other matters to devote regular attention to their little ones? Co-operation in nursing, as in other duties, will doubtless prove an immense benefit to the many. Wealthy

parents may choose to hire nurses to take charge of their children, just as they may later on engage tutors and governesses to instruct them; but, with the bulk of families, children must be placed at school, to study when old enough, and why not to be taken care of when younger? Infant schools have been hitherto confined to the lower classes, but I cannot think why an infant boarding school, conducted by ladies who devote themselves entirely to the work, and from pure love of it (this must be a *sine qua non*), should not be both more economical and, what is of more consequence, more beneficial to the children than the present questionable plan of leaving them for the greater part of every day in the charge of an uneducated domestic. I hope before long a few ladies may be found who are willing to co-operate with Mrs. Weldon in establishing a school of this sort.

There is one point in Mrs. Weldon's recent letters to *The Spiritualist* in which I cannot agree with her. She is, doubtless, no little perplexed by the inquisitiveness of the children whom she is bringing up; but I think she will find that it is better in the end to own one's ignorance before a child (if that be necessary) than to concoct lies to satisfy its curiosity. She writes:—"When I am cross-examined I account for anomalies in creation by explaining that there are tiresome fairies who did this or that while the good fairies were looking the other way. Thus I succeed in preventing their puzzling their little brains." Now, such teaching may do a child no positive harm so long as he believes it: but in a year or two's time he will find out that it was all false; and then, as the unwholesome truth gleams upon him that he has been all along imposed upon by one to whom he has looked up as to a parent, that he has been dealt deceitfully with by one of the few, if not the only friend, in whom he has been taught to place implicit confidence, it cannot fail to leave a most injurious impression upon his mind, and lead him to draw a most gloomy picture of human mendacity and misplaced confidence. If "*diplomatic*," a word applied by Mrs. Weldon to her ideal nurse, be an euphemism for *deceitful*, it points out a quality which we surely have little need to encourage in those who have charge of infants. This invention of the "tiresome fairies" has apparently been recently introduced at the Orphanage in order to supersede a still more objectionable doctrine, and will, I hope, in its turn give way to plain un-garnished truth. The following extraordinary conversation is a specimen (I presume) of what used to be Mrs. Weldon's teaching; and it will be remarked that, besides having all the faults of the more modern "fairy" invention, it is also most objectionable on the ground that it conveys most derogatory ideas of the Supreme Being—her children having, in fact, been taught to

look down upon their Maker as quite inferior to themselves in goodness:—"Grannie, did God make black beetles?" "Yes, Tommy, yes!" "Grannie, black beetles are nasty things?" "Yes, Tommy!" "Why did God make nasty things?" "I do not know, Tommy." "Would not God, grannie, be doing something much gooder if he were to unpick rags to stuff poor little children's pillows as we do, instead of making nasty things like black beetles?" I agreed with the child."

SELECTION OF A SCHOOL.

At six or seven years of age a child should be sent to school. I consider it desirable that a careful selection should be made at this early age, because, when practicable, it is best for the child to receive his education at *one* school, provided, of course, that it be a good one. By making a change, especially towards the end of his school career, a good deal of time is unavoidably lost, owing to the different systems that are followed in different establishments.

BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOLS.

The first question that presents itself is whether the child is to be placed at a boarding or a day school. This, of course, will depend partly upon the ability of the parents to provide for and take charge of their children at home, also upon the suitability of the day schools in the neighbourhood in which they reside. But I think boarding schools will be found the best in most cases, and for the following reasons:—

(1.) Boarding schools are more completely co-operative in their character than day schools. It must be a saving of labour to provide for a number of children in one large establishment, instead of providing for the same children in a number of small establishments.

(2.) Consequently, it must be more economical. Boarding school fees seem large sums, but it is because the payment has to be made in the lump. It stands to reason that parents get more for their money at a good school than they could possibly do by expending *the same sum* on their children at home.

(3.) There is far more choice of boarding schools, inasmuch as they are not so limited in locality.

(4.) Children generally make much better progress at a boarding school, because they are not there subject to the many distracting influences which are apt to affect them at home.

The chief objection that is made to a boarding school is that there is danger of children being injured by the society and examples of bad school-fellows. If a school in which the moral tone is good be selected, this objection can hardly have any great weight, unless it be with those mothers who think there

can be no children in the world good enough to associate with *theirs*. Some mothers, too, do not like to place their children at a boarding school until they are big, for fear they should not be sufficiently taken care of. This "apron-string" difficulty only shows how much need there is that such children should be sent from home; they are suffering from over-attention and its consequences, helplessness and delicate health, evils from which they will soon recover, if removed from the parental roof in time.

BOYS AND GIRLS.

The next question that arises is—In our boarding and day schools ought the sexes to be mixed or not? This is a point which will have to be settled by experiment. At present, I see little benefit to be derived from the mixed plan, though it may have its advantages. It seems to me that whatever changes we make in our subjects of instruction, there will always have to be a good deal of difference between a boy's education and a girl's. At least, it will be a long time before we teach our boys crochet and cookery, and our girls to use the saw and spade. And then, the same teachers are by no means always equally adapted to teach either sex. Hence, we must make some difference between boys' classes and girls' classes; and it remains to be seen whether even in their games the boys and girls would unite.

Next, I proceed to consider the management of schools; and, first, Who are qualified to teach?

QUALIFICATIONS OF A GOOD TEACHER.

I need scarcely say that the most important point to be regarded in the selection of a teacher is his moral character. First, he must be free from all bad habits. No man who gives way to drink or any other degrading habit should, under any circumstances, have charge of the young. It little matters whether he shows his unhappy predilection openly or not. It little matters how much he declaims against vice in the classroom. Boys have an instinct whereby they can detect hypocrisy, better often than their elders. *They* know when a man is speaking from his heart, and when he is lecturing only for appearance' sake.

Then, a teacher must be upright and truthful; he must be candid and straightforward. We adults are so accustomed to fashionable reserve and equivocation, that often when they present themselves we do not or seem not to notice them; but with children it is otherwise. This spirit of dissimulation, which I fear most of us acquire more or less in our contact with the world, is unnatural to them. They seem instinctively to detect hypocrisy in those placed over them; and when a master's

opinion or practice differs from his teaching, his pupils are sure to learn the former more readily than the latter, while, at the same time, they receive a probably more injurious lesson still in the baneful but polite art of hypocrisy.

Then, a teacher should not be tainted with the sin of avarice; that root of all evil which, like hypocrisy, is, thank God, most unnatural to children, but which, nevertheless, many little ones have the misfortune to acquire from their elders at an early age.

But two indispensable qualifications are (1), he must be fond of children; (2), he must be fond of teaching. A schoolmaster who is deficient in the former of these qualities can never gain the hearts of his pupils, and their lessons, which of course are more or less identified with the master, will be regarded with coldness and indifference; while a master deficient in the latter is sure to impress upon his scholars, whether he intends to or not, his own aversion to the school-room.

The most prevailing fault of schoolmasters and school-mistresses of the present day, and, perhaps, more especially of under-teachers, I conceive to be, the proverbial fault of hirelings, an indifference to the work in which they are engaged. This arises chiefly from the fact that masters are not chosen now-a-days for their aptitude for teaching or for their fondness for children. The only qualification demanded from a master is, generally speaking, some University degree or other certificate which shows what he has learnt. Sometimes, in addition to this, a testimonial as to his good conduct and his ability of "maintaining discipline" is required; but nothing more. Is it then surprising that men who take no interest in education or in the young are so often placed in authority over them? Perhaps, some day it may be the fashion for a principal when selecting an assistant-master to require, in addition to his other certificates, his phrenological delineation. This, of course, would prove a great advantage, as the principal could in that case decline any one in whom conscientiousness, benevolence, or philoprogenitiveness was small, or in whom acquisitiveness was large.

It seems to me that, in a reformed state of society, everybody ought to delight in his daily occupation whatever it is; that all our labour ought to be a labour of love. Why is it so seldom the case now? Why is man's work so often regarded as a task, a drudgery? Why do so many men long for the time when they may be independent, and *have nothing to do*? Why do so many, like the recorder of the Mosaic creation, speak of labour as a curse, and at least imply the still more obnoxious converse that a state of idleness is a state of bliss? Surely there is reform needed here.

The intellectual qualifications of teachers receive generally such ample and almost exclusive consideration, that I may be excused from dilating on this head. I would only say that some teachers have a gift for seizing the difficulties that present themselves to children's minds and for explaining them in terms that children can grasp, while others seem lamentably deficient in this power.

I now wish to consider what branches of knowledge it is most desirable to impart.

LEARNING TO READ AND WRITE.

The first subject that a child must learn, at least from books, is to *read*. This arduous task is usually commenced at home; but it would be much better, and would save many weary hours, if not years, of labour, if the child were not allowed to learn the A B C until he had first learnt to read and spell on the phonetic system. The advantages of this system are great, even as a stepping-stone to the established orthography; and will be immense when the system comes into use for general purposes.

He must at the same time learn to write; and subsequently, when he has gone through the ordinary course of copybooks, he should learn to write in shorthand. This is desirable as a means of economising time and labour; besides, there is no doubt that before long shorthand writing will replace our present cumbrous system for correspondence and other purposes.

When a child has once mastered the difficulties of reading, he will take a pleasure in his newly-acquired art; and it is desirable that this pleasure should not be spoiled by compelling him to read difficult or uninteresting books. At this stage he may acquire much information on general subjects by means of books in easy language, which, without unduly taxing the intellectual faculties, are calculated to rouse his attention, engage his interest, and call into play the perceptive group. By this means a child may gather much useful and interesting information of a miscellaneous character.

SCIENCE FOR THE YOUNG.

He may also gain an *elementary* knowledge of many of the sciences in this way. These reading-lessons should be accompanied by explanations of what is read, and interspersed with lectures on the subjects treated of, and questions should be freely asked both by teacher and by pupils at the end of each lesson. Objects, models, diagrams, etc., should be frequently introduced in these lectures; and if the teacher shows any tact in his work, the children will delight in their lessons, and will

acquire a taste for scientific research. These science lectures can be commenced at a very early age, and may be continued with progressive difficulty as long as the children remain at school. They will thus acquire a mass of practical information which cannot fail to prove of great value to them, in whatever position they may afterwards be placed.

LEARNING BY ROTE.

In spite of what some modern educators say to the contrary, I think the memory should be made an object of special culture. I think it an excellent plan to make all children learn poetry by heart. Of course the lines should be adapted to their comprehension, and too much should not be set at once. It must be borne in mind, too, that children differ very much in the facility with which they commit words to memory, and it would be cruel not to make adequate allowance for this difference. I think to learn good poetry by rote a far nobler exercise than to study a history of the vices and follies of British, Roman, or Grecian kings and emperors, or to learn by heart the names of the rivers and mountains of Saint Domingo, or the area and population of Peru. An artificial system of mnemonics may no doubt sometimes be employed as an aid to the memory with good results.

(*To be continued.*)

"A NEW EVANGELIST."

UNDER this heading, in the *St. James' Magazine* for September, 1876, there is an exhaustive and highly appreciative review of the remarkable book, entitled "Hafed, Prince of Persia,"* now in its second edition. The writer sets out with the following preliminary remarks :—

This is a remarkable book, and in dealing with it we will affect none of the sneers of cynicism. To ridicule is always an easy method of review, but it is often unjust. Indeed, it is not too much to say that there is generally more or less of injustice in the sneer that is intended to do duty for argument. At all events, there is no true philosophy in ridicule, however powerful it may be, to dispose of an awkward antagonist. The volume before us is the latest production of a school of enthusiasts to whom we do not intend to furnish the opportunity of reproaching us with laughing at their beliefs, however novel and however startling—beliefs that in their minds at least are associated with the sacred ideas of truth and religion. To the great

* "Hafed, Prince of Persia: his Experiences in Earth Life and Spirit Life. With an Appendix containing Communications from Spirit Artists." London: J. Burns, 15 Southampton Row; Glasgow: H. Nisbet, 219 George Street. Price, 10s.; post free, 10s. 6d.

bulk of society—which is by no means yet initiated into the mysteries of these strange doctrines—a glance at them will be a pleasing and probably a profitable study.

After a long but very interesting synopsis of the “extraordinary volume,” the reviewer proceeds to “examine its claims to authority, and to our credence,” as follows:—

Now, if this narrative should be a truth, the volume we review to-day is the most valuable of literary productions. If it should be a fiction, it is at least a charming one. “Believe me for my works’ sake,” is an appeal with which all followers of Jesus are familiar; and we are bound to say that the tender affection for Jesus Christ, the love for mankind at large, and the general purity and loftiness of the ethics unfolded, whether directly or incidentally, command our highest esteem.

Assuming the book to be a fiction, it is no unhallowed volume, fraught with pernicious teaching or insidious and demoralising suggestions. It is full of pure thought, of lofty motive, and suggestive only of universal goodness. If not literally true, it suggests so much that is sweet and lovely to the imagination of the pious soul, that it may under any circumstances be made a profitable study. It may here and there offend a rigid orthodoxy; but the genuine humility and the goodness of heart which it suggests on every page furnish ample atonement. No one will read its pages and become misanthropic and impure. There is a heavenly-mindedness about it that is peculiarly winning. It is deemed allowable to press the painter’s art into our service when we seek to depict the incidents of the life of Christ; and the Church in all ages of the Christian era has been proud so to consecrate art to the higher teaching of her disciples. On the hypothesis that this is all a fiction, the novelist—whose art in modern times has been elevated to great perfection—has essayed the self-same task, and has signally succeeded. Never had the novelist a grander theme.

We will now dwell on the literary style. It is generally colloquial, and rivets the attention by its graces of simplicity, but sometimes it is discursive, and does not strike us as being either particularly graceful or eloquent. We cannot sustain all its historical references, all its theological peculiarities, or even all its scientific theories: but that kind of criticism we cannot now attempt, for we have exhausted all our space, though we hope not the patience, of our readers. Besides, on the supposition that we are dealing with a kind of religious novel, we are not at liberty to apply such criticism, or to look for literal accuracy.

But it is claimed for this book that it is *strictly true*, and that the personages whose remarkable career we have traced have come back from their abode in the brighter and better land to testify to historical facts within their personal knowledge and experience. Here our difficulty begins. “I say it is *true*,” says Hafed, speaking of the whole narrative. “Living in a far back age, far removed from your

time, I can but give you my word. I care not what men may say to the contrary—I again say it is true.”

How devoutly would mankind receive this testimony if satisfied of its truthfulness! The question, then, that forces itself on our consideration is simply this: *is it true?* To answer this interrogatory in the affirmative would be indefinitely to enhance the value of these startling communications. But how shall this be done? We must remember that in the answer will be found the true measure of the value of the narrative. Had it come with no higher claims than those of a flight of poetic imagination, we would have received it for what it was worth—instructive in the suggestions of the inspirations of genius—exactly as we receive Mr. Holman Hunt's picture of the “Shadow of the Cross,” or any other work of art, that rivets our attention and excites our pious emotions. But it comes with claims that are much more pretentious; and in this respect it challenges the severest criticism. It claims to be a revelation from beyond the tomb, communicated by those who have actually romped in the frolics of boyhood with the Great Teacher,—who have taught Him in the literature of Persia, Egypt, Greece, and Rome,—and who in their turn have heard from His precious lips the words of heavenly wisdom. In the soul-stirring incidents which the narrative relates, it puts to the blush the highest sensationalism of modern literature; for it deals familiarly with the details of the life of One whose every act and word is consecrated by the tenderest and most sacred associations. The intensity of the interest culminates in the assurance that these communications are furnished by the personal companions of our Lord; and we are bound to say that if this assumption can be verified, no book which has issued from the press in modern times can for a moment compare with this in value. We search the volume for evidences to convince us of the validity of its title to this lofty claim; but the volume does not deign to supply us with any. No attempt is made to demonstrate what, if proved, would justify us—we had almost said—in adding this as a new book to the sacred canon. The revelation claims authority, but it elaborates no evidence. It is in the style of the old prophets—“Thus saith the Lord.” It is obviously intended that it shall rest on the simple asseveration of the authors. A bolder challenge to distrust could not possibly have been made.

But though no formal argument is advanced, yet a careful perusal discloses many an incidental argument. Thus it is contended, contrary to orthodox belief, that the book of Revelation is not closed, nor is the inspiration of the Highest withdrawn from men. It is contended that spirit communion was the natural heritage of man in his primeval state, and the forfeiture of the privilege has been collateral with human decline,—if not one of the chief causes of human degeneracy. It is further alleged that the lost privilege is already partially restored to man, and is about to be further restored; so that we are bid to mark in the communication before us, and in others of a similar kind, a foreshadowing of the fulfilment of Joel's

sublime prophecy, which promises the outpouring of the Spirit on all flesh.

The argument, on the validity of which we offer no opinion, is carried thus far: that what was possible and natural in early times, what has been promised in Holy Writ as a privilege of the latter times, may be predicated as in store for man, without doing violence to historic facts, and may be anticipated on the authority of the immutable Word of God. All this may be true: we will not attempt to dispute it. But what follows? The admission of it all, is but a step in establishing the claims that are under review. The examination must be closely pressed into the circumstances under which, and the instrumentalities through which, it is alleged the communications have been made.

It is alleged that a carpenter, no way learned above his fellows, fell into a trance—or rather into a series of trances (there were one hundred sittings); and while in that ecstatic and abnormal state, he has *vivâ voce* repeated aloud the *ipsissima verba* which, by the aid of the reporter's art, have been transferred to these six hundred pages. While in this state the companions of Christ, Hafed the Persian Prince, and Hernes, at one time a priest in an Egyptian temple, and a veritable playmate of our Lord, have temporarily taken possession of the brain and of the speaking organs of the simple carpenter, and through him have given to the world this wondrous tale.

We should like to hear a little more about these entrancements, and about the distinguished personages who, it is said, through these phenomena, have volunteered these revelations. And yet we are not prepared to question the entrancements themselves, nor to dispute the utterances that were given under these exceptional conditions. We are inclined to think that the *phenomena* are unimpeachable. They seem to us to rest on sufficient testimony, such as would be accepted in the common affairs of life. But the *authority* of the utterances constitutes the real question of value; for it by no means follows that these communications are all they claim to be, even when all the external phenomena of the entrancements are unreservedly conceded. The science of psychometry—if science it may be called which has not yet risen to the dignity of a science—gives us no true idea of the philosophy of entrancement. We will allow, at any rate for the sake of the argument, that all the scenes depicted with so much circumstantial reality were all photographed on the brain of this sensitive handicraftsman: we will acquit him of dishonesty, and all associated with him in this work; and we believe this admission is no matter of courtesy, but absolutely their due. But what then? These unfamiliar scenes, and this still more unfamiliar mode of impressing them on the minds of the unconscious instrument, bring with them no absolute verification of truthfulness, such as the statements themselves in their very nature challenge. A grand and glorious panorama flits across the brain, and a graphic word-painting escapes the lips of the dreaming somnambulist; but how, or whence, or through whom it comes, science does not tell us. As veteran warriors love to congregate listening and

enthusiastic youths, that they may recount their heroic deeds and fight their battles o'er again, so we are left with the suggestion that the spirits of the departed have returned to earth and reproduced the stirring incidents of their lives, painting the scenes on the delicate structure of the brain of a medium they have chosen and educated for the purpose, in a manner similar to that in which any objective reality may be impressed on the sensitive plate of the photographer.

Science gives us no alternative proposition, and may be disposed to sneer. But to sneer is mere empiricism. The apostles of science have not yet attained to universal knowledge; they have but planted their feet on the shores of the great ocean of knowledge; while the ocean itself, through all its infinite expanse, remains unconquered and even unsurveyed; and they only cover themselves with ridicule when they are weak enough to sit on the seat of the scornful. But, though true of all the sciences, that other vast domains are yet undiscovered and unexplored, it is especially true of that particular science which relates to the mind. There are provinces in the philosophy of mind into which the metaphysicians have not yet entered. This question of entrancement is one of them.

If the philosophers are not ready with an explanation, they must at least remember that there is nothing so much at variance with true philosophy as the doctrine of finality. There is no finality in scientific attainments; nor can there be till the whole domain of universal nature has been thoroughly explored. As reasonably might the astronomer of the Ptolemaic school have supposed that he had discovered the boundaries of the universe, as for the metaphysician to suppose that he has already traversed and learned to understand the whole range of the mental universe, which is as infinite as space itself. Besides, it is claimed, and with good show of reason, that the realm of mind is altogether beyond the realm of matter, altogether above it, altogether before it, in the relations of cause and effect—that, in point of fact, the material is but the external effect and expression of an antecedent and spiritual cause.

For aught we know to the contrary, there may be some hitherto unknown law or laws of our spiritual being that bind heaven and earth into a closer sympathy than we suspect, and render these phenomena of entrancement and intercommunication both easy and natural. For our part we ignore all that is *super-natural*; and if the peculiar claims of this volume are made to rest on anything that is miraculous, we dismiss these claims as resting on a sandy foundation. If this law of sympathy should really exist, and this superiority of the spiritual over the material can be fairly established, it follows that a blind adherence to the mere philosophy of matter cannot unfold the higher philosophy of mind. In the public interest it is right to claim an exhaustive explanation of these singular entrancements, and this remarkable product of them—remembering always that the realities of nature constantly outstrip the halting imagination of man.

We fear, however, one thing is certain: that this book will not be criticised by the general public with a cool and impartial judgment.

It will be treated by different classes as their prejudices and feelings may severally suggest. Passion and not judgment will decide on its merit; and the judgment that is attained is not likely either to be sound in itself, or to win the approval of succeeding generations.

We can well imagine that those who hold with a tenacious grasp to orthodoxy will spurn this pretended revelation as coming at least from uncircumcised Philistines, if not through Satanic agency. We must confess that, as earnest inquirers after truth, from whatever quarter it may come, we do not envy either the prejudices or the feelings of such hasty and partial readers; and we will say that if their prejudices should seal the book against their perusal, they will be shut out from an uncommon and delightful treat. They might revel in this book, though they knew it were pure fiction from beginning to end.

Another class—and they will probably be numerically small—will greedily devour every incident in the volume, and cherish it in their hearts as pure undiluted Gospel. Their opinions will be founded on an implicit belief in the claims of the authors, both mundane and supermundane; they will cherish the record, as of newly-found Evangelists, who not only knew the Lord in person, but who have become better qualified for their distinguished office by the experiences of 1800 years in renewed and exalted companionship with their Master. If we remind these persons of the solemn character of the statements in question, and of the stupendous demand they make on our credulity, they will reply with unquenchable enthusiasm:—

“A truth so strange, ’twere bold to think it true,
If not far bolder still to *disbelieve*.”

It would be a somewhat thankless task to ask them to abate their enthusiasm, and to examine with a keener scrutiny the real claims that are made on their faith and ours. It is but a moderate request to make of Spiritualists, that they shall not, under the bewitching excitement of this marvellous story, ask for general credence to their theory of authorship, *except on strong reason shown*. On the other hand, we ask of Philosophy that it shall not contemptuously set aside the facts of the phenomena that are patent in this case. If men of science expect the multitude to discredit the theory of spiritual communication which is presented, they must show that it is untenable, and ought, indeed, to present us with a better. It is possible that other explanations may account for these entrancements, and the strange communications made under these conditions. If so, let us hear them; for it is no longer enough to attempt to silence enthusiastic opponents by satire and ridicule, or by contemptuous pity for their weaknesses and their wanderings from orthodoxy, either in science or theology. In the modern arena of Polemic strife other weapons are necessary.

We have formally raised the issues which the case involves; and the champions on either side must settle the controversy between themselves. Our final remark is, that whatever the source from which the book has come, its thoughts are so pure, its incidents are

so thrilling, that all may read it with delight, and with a profitable stimulation of the highest emotions. But if, as we are asked to believe, the real actors who have projected these lovely pictures of the life and times of the Man Christ Jesus on the brain of the Glasgow carpenter were indeed contemporaries and companions of Christ,—*then this book is a priceless gem!*

A MODERN MIRACLE.

By FRANK PODMORE.

THE age of miracles is past, if, indeed, it ever was at all. The romantic and the marvellous are no more, for the besom of a new-grown Science is gathering the sweepings of the whole world into her dust-heap, there to be sorted into things serviceable to man's body, or pleasant to his sense, and leaving only a vast accumulation of rubbish to the luckless scavengers who may follow in her wake. For what least fragment, not of gold, but of broken glass, rags and old bones, can escape this most diligent handmaiden? She sweeps the very heaven of its stars, and invades with her officious dust-pan the mud that has lain on the ocean-floor from the beginning, and the unswept palace of the fire-god. Clearly there is little hope of treasure-trove for the luckless wight who shall adventure himself in search of mystery and romance into the realms swept so bare by this portentous besom. But yet there remain a few ancient volumes, thick with the dust of ages, on which her master will suffer her to lay no sacrilegiously cleansing hand. "'Tis only that their bareness be not too clearly seen," cries the saucy hussey, and aims many a blow at them on the sly. Yet still their venerable grime sleeps undisturbed, vexing her order-loving soul. And yet it must be told that this most exemplary housewife has one fault,—if it be indeed a fault of hers—for she is blind from her birth. Wherefore be of good cheer, all vagabonds and unlicensed scavengers, for you may yet, in some neglected corner that lies beyond the customary orbit of her broom, light upon good store, at least of dust and cobwebs, if of nothing more than these. Only see that your backs be broad; for, if the mistress find you, that broom-handle is heavy, and the hand will not spare.

Now, with this ragged and disreputable crew, who peer about in dirty nooks, to which blind Science has not yet groped her way, I must confess to having always had some sympathy. For in these obscure recesses I have known full many a valued relic of the past to lie concealed, which, but for these lawless adventurers, had escaped notice altogether. And sometimes it has seemed to me, that in one of these dark corners of our

earthly mansion must lie the hidden passage which shall lead us to that outer world which is lighted by the Sun himself, in whose pure rays these dull, grey cobwebs may yet perhaps, be glorious with the sevenfold lustre of the rainbow.

One of the dimmest and most begrimed of these out-of-the-way nooks have I, together with many others, been lately exploring. And what I there found I will now show, that all may judge for themselves whether it be gold or tinsel, a jewel of priceless value, or a cunning counterfeit in paste and brass. But if tinsel, it is not of my making. The things which I now relate are not borrowed from Eastern fairy-tale, or mediæval necromancy. They are a faithful narrative of what the present writer saw with his own eyes a few weeks ago, in the very heart of this city of London, under the light of an English sun. At ten o'clock on one rainy morning in September, I knocked, by appointment, at the door of No. 8 Upper Bedford Place, Russell Square, and was ushered into the presence of Dr. Slade, "spirit medium," and his friend, Mr. Simmons. Both gentlemen are Americans, who have come to Europe for a few months to exhibit their wonderful powers to all who choose to come to them. The *medium* himself is tall, gaunt, and dark, with clear-cut features and deep-sunken eyes. He gives to the casual observer the impression of a life very far removed from ease and rest. His companion is a comfortable-looking, genial man of the world, from whom I had an amusing description of a visit lately paid to them by a certain man of science, who, highly esteemed by the world, holds himself in esteem yet higher. This gentleman, well-known for his researches in mental physiology, and for an ingenious theory which was to have explained Spiritualism off the face of the earth, had expressed his intention of more fully investigating this same Spiritualism—still, despite so redoubtable an opponent, in full vigour—under Dr. Slade's guidance, as soon as he should return to London from a few weeks' absence: for his attention had at last been aroused by facts which no formula of orthodox science, though stretched as far as the famous Tyrian bull's hide, would avail to include. So that the blind virgin with the untiring besom is already sweeping out the cobwebs from this long-forgotten corner, and may yet light on pearls of price, if those clumsy fingers will serve to hold them.

In a few minutes Dr. Slade led me into a room adjoining, which had but one door, and was lighted by a large window, without either curtain or blind. It was a very ordinary-looking room, with a few chairs, a sofa, and, in the centre, a square table, which had on it, when we entered, a cover, which Dr. Slade removed. I then inspected the table, which was

made of some heavy, close-grained, light-coloured wood, possibly oak. It was forty-four inches long, and forty inches broad.* It had two leaves, both of which were put up; there were no drawers underneath it; but where the leaves (which were each about fifteen inches wide) joined the table, and running parallel with them, were two pieces of wood, one on each side, about four inches high, such as are commonly employed to strengthen the legs of such tables. The leaves themselves were simply plain pieces of wood, about an inch in thickness, with no embellishment or addition of any kind. Dr. Slade took a chair at the table on the side nearest the window, and, placing both his hands flat on the table, sat alongside of it, so that his feet were outside, close to me, at a point where they were always visible to me. This position, both of hands and feet, he preserved throughout the sitting, except during the occurrence of certain phenomena when I have expressly noted their change of position. I placed a slate which I had brought with me on the table, and, at his direction, took a chair close to him, but with an angle of the table between us, and put my hands in contact with his on the table. No sooner had I touched him than his hands were drawn back convulsively, as if he were attacked by a violent spasm. At the same time I heard knockings on the under surface of the table, immediately beneath our hands. I may as well mention that throughout the séance, when anything of a startling nature occurred, the Doctor's hands would be jerked back in the same spasmodic manner. A knock was next heard on the back of his chair, and then, at his request, a tremendous blow descended on the angle of the table farthest from us, under which it shook visibly. This was done in broad daylight, he it remembered, with no visible presence save my own and Dr. Slade's, and while all the limbs of the latter were under my close observation. The Doctor then said to me, "You are a medium; I feel a great deal of power from you." I assured him that I was not conscious of any such power. He then bit a small piece, about the size of a grain of wheat, off a slate-pencil, and laid it on my slate; this he then held by the corner with one hand under the table. After waiting two or three minutes without any result, he asked me to take hold of the slate at the opposite corner, which I did, and pressed it close up against the table in such a position, that the wooden rim of the slate projected beyond the table on one side, and was seen to leave no interstice between

* A writer in the *World* incorrectly gave the size of the table as five feet by four. He was corrected by a writer in the *Saturday Review*, who stated it to be about three feet six inches, each way. As much stress has been laid on this circumstance by this latter writer, I thought it worth while to ascertain the exact size of the table by actual measurement.

itself and the table, whilst I, for my part, held my end of the slate equally close up against the table; so that I am sure that there was no possibility of communication with the upper surface of the slate. Yet in that position I shortly heard the tiny fragment of pencil travelling over the slate, and, on taking it up, we discovered these words written, in answer to a question of the Doctor's whether I was a medium or no: "He has some power, and can become a good medium.—Allie."* This message was very badly written, and several letters were omitted, so that we agreed to try and have it written again. This time a small piece of pencil was laid on the table, and the slate was laid, face downwards, upon it. Dr. Slade and I then each placed one hand upon it, his other hand remaining flat upon the table as before. I thereupon heard the pencil writing, and on reversing the slate read the following words:—"He has some power, and can become a good medium, if he will sit.—Allie." This was much more clearly written, though some of the letters were still slightly irregular. This slate I then placed on one side, and have still preserved with the writing upon it. Dr. Slade then asked me to write upon the slate the name of some friend with whose spirit I wished to communicate. I wrote in full on the slate, holding it so that my companion could see neither the writing nor the movement of my fingers, the name of a friend who, I had every reason to believe, would, if he could, be with me then. I handed the slate, face downward, to Dr. Slade, who placed a piece of slate-pencil upon it as before, and held it under the table with one hand. Immediately sounds of writing were heard. After this had proceeded for some time, the Doctor called my attention to a curious phenomenon. He withdrew his hand from mine by a few inches,—instantly the writing ceased: he replaced it again, and the writing was renewed. It was as if some power proceeded from me which was necessary to the success of the experiment.† When the slate was replaced upon the table—the signal for this being given by three taps with the pencil—the following words were found clearly and evenly written:—

"Dear Friend,—It always pleases the spirits to see their earth friends investigating this much-misunderstood subject: it is a subject which should interest *all*; for soon you must come to this beautiful spirit-world, and the more you learn about it before you come, the more you can enjoy its beauties. Your friends will try and write for you.—I am,

A. W. SLADE."

* Allie is the name of Dr. Slade's wife, who, previous to her death, seven years ago, promised that she would, if she could, thus assist him in his mediumship.

† No galvanic circuit was broken here, as some say, for my other hand was not grasping the slate, but rested on my knee.

This I copied in pencil on half a sheet of note-paper which I had with me, and then placed both paper and pencil on my slate, which lay about eighteen inches from my elbow. Dr. Slade then wiped out the writing, and placed the slate underneath the table as before, in order to obtain the promised message. Whilst waiting for this, he drew my attention to my slate, which lay at a short distance from my elbow. The paper on which I had written my notes was folded down the centre, and lay with one side flat on my slate, and the other in the air, forming an angle with it of about 100 deg. These positions were suddenly reversed, so that the side which had been on the slate was raised into the air. As I turned to see this, the same thing happened again, and yet again. Then I asked, as a further test, that my pencil, which lay about half an inch off, should also be moved. The paper according, by a series of movements similar to that which I have described, got its edge beneath the pencil, and one final movement pushed it about half an inch from its former position. Though I had wished for the pencil itself to move, still my demand had been answered, and so far the test was satisfactory. Dr. Slade remarked to me that he had never observed such an occurrence at any previous séance, the importance of which remark will be seen in what follows; for immediately afterwards the pencil wrote on the slate under the table the following words:—"I did it to prove I am present." This was signed with my friend's Christian name in full, and the initial letter S of the surname. Now this initial letter Dr. Slade was unable to read, for it was formed differently from the S in his wife's signature, and might equally well have represented T or J. Further, it was quite unlike my own S. But, as I subsequently discovered, it was written in the way in which my friend was in the habit of writing that letter in his signature. After this, Dr. Slade's hand, bearing the slate, moved in the spasmodic manner which I have before noticed, to my head, and whilst the slate rested thereon, there was written, "Do not doubt again," signed by my friend as before. Then Dr. Slade placed the slate under the table, that I might try to obtain some further communication from my friend, but this resulted only in a zigzag line being drawn across the slate; a proof, as he said, that the power to write was gone.

To prepare for a final manifestation, the doctor placed his left foot under the table, and I, at his request, placed mine upon it. The other foot remained outside as before. Our hands were all laid flat upon the table. In this position the table, after first tilting slightly, rose bodily into the air, about ten inches off the ground, remaining suspended but a few seconds. This was the conclusion of the séance. But several phenomena had occurred

in the intervals of writing on the slate, any account of which I have postponed till now. Towards the beginning of the sitting a light, cane-bottomed chair, which had been standing a few inches from the table, suddenly jumped up and stuck to the under side of the table, as if the latter had been a powerful electro-magnet, and the chair a piece of soft iron. After the lapse of about a quarter of a minute it fell back to its original position. Two or three times during the progress of the séance my right knee—the one farthest from Dr. Slade—was slightly thumped, as if by a fist. Lastly, on one occasion, whilst Dr. Slade was holding the slate under the table with one hand, and the other was resting flat upon the top, a larger hand, with fingers thicker and far whiter than those of the medium, darted up between my knees, and then again disappeared, but so swiftly that nothing beyond the shape and colour, and those but imperfectly, could be discerned. The whole séance lasted from twenty to five-and-twenty minutes.

If these things be true—and they are true—the knowledge of them—the knowledge, that is, of actual present intercourse between the living and the dead—is of transcendent importance to humanity. And yet, though thrust continually before their eyes, how few will pay them any regard! They will read or see these things to-day, and to-morrow the very remembrance of them will have passed away. For the great bulk of mankind see only that which they have been taught to see. As “God’s own voice in a review” shall bid them, they award their praise or blame. Sheep are they that will follow any shepherd, with eyes or ears for nothing beyond the green pastures to which he shall lead them. *Aetas incuriosa suorum*—the age is careless of all that most nearly concerns it—is as true a verdict on the nineteenth century as on the first. Men are too deeply engrossed with the pleasures of life to have any care for their higher interests. To those whose energies are altogether consumed in hasting to get rich, it is of little moment to know whether there is life or death beyond the grave, on whose hither side they must leave those riches which are the whole of life to them.

But even to those who are not wholly held by the bonds of sense Spiritualism presents little that is attractive. There are some to whom its marvels seem to be real indeed, but the works of the angel of darkness: the “strong delusion” which was to fall upon the unbelieving in these latter times. To such all argument and remonstrance are addressed in vain. “A hundred mouths, a hundred tongues,” must fail to penetrate the deafness that will not be persuaded. With them anathema is he who ventures so much as to speak of these works of darkness. But to those who have not bowed the knee alike to Ahriman as to

Ormuzd, Spiritualism is not on that account the more acceptable. There are some who say, "This thing is against the laws of nature, and therefore it cannot be." And others are forced by the extravagance and absurdity which they see in it, to denounce the whole subject as a degrading superstition—a relic of the barbarous past. Now, the arguments urged by both those classes of objectors against the subject of Spiritualism have pointed out real and not inconsiderable difficulties. The phenomena do sacrilegiously transcend, if not openly violate, the laws of gravitation, of the conservation of energy, and other idols of the scientific world. And its most enthusiastic apostles must confess with shame that, if the reality of Spiritualism is noble, the communications professedly given by spirits, and the lives led by many of its followers, are trivial and vulgar, and utterly unworthy of the disciples of a faith which shall regenerate the world. But that the laws which the spiritual phenomena follow are laws of nature, and that all that is commonplace in them is the natural consequence of their conditions, can, I think, be sufficiently shown to anyone who will approach the subject with a due freedom from prejudice.

When our men of science tell us that these things cannot be, they forget how very limited is still our knowledge of nature. We know but some half-dozen factors—electricity, gravitation, and the like—in the problem of the universe, and shall we venture from these to predict the great sum total? This very electricity, which our magic can now evoke from everything around us, remained deaf to all the spells of science till but two or three centuries ago; and its birth was hailed with just such ridicule and contempt as is now meted out to the far more potent truth for which we plead. Nay, science herself has taught us, within these last few years, that some of the greatest of these modern miracles may yet be conformable to the known laws of nature. For what would be a greater marvel than that matter should pass through matter—that flowers, say, should be brought, uninjured, into a room whose every approach was closed; or that a solid iron ring should be threaded on a human arm, and yet not pass over the hand? But we know that water can be forced through gold; that carbonic oxide and other gases can penetrate iron furnace walls; that a whole class of bodies, the crystalloids, can freely permeate parchment and other animal membranes, which are in a colloidal condition; and, at the Belfast meeting of the British Association, a distinguished physiologist told us that the corpuscles of the blood can "move through the walls of the blood-vessels, and wander about freely in what we call solid tissues."* And even this is as nothing when compared with

* *Nature*, for August, 1874; p. 327.

what we can conceive to be possible. For this matter, so impenetrable to sight and firm to touch, is formed of tiny, shifting points, wide-scattered as the stars in the summer sky; or, perhaps, is but another manifestation of that mysterious entity which we call Force, itself possessing neither substance nor form. What forbids, then, that one mass of matter should pass through another without these restless atoms clashing in their path? In realms of whose laws and constitution we know so little, who shall dare to define the boundaries of the possible?

Again, science shows us that the compass of our scale is but a few poor octaves, and our spectrum a narrow hand's-breadth, with infinite darkness stretching behind and before. The sights and sounds which reach our senses are but a few out of the great multitude which are brought to the birth. For let but the pulses of the light beat but a few score more or less and it shall pass unseen by us; be the harp-string struck by too slow a finger, and its voice shall die unheard. But shall we not rather believe that these sights and sounds, when lost to us, are gained by other beings, with senses of a wider range than ours, and not born into darkness and silence? The immortal melody of the spheres may even now be thrilling in our ears, and the gorgeous panorama of the spirit-world be spread, like an open scroll, before our eyes, and all these things be for us as though they were not. For

"There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st,
But in his motion as an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubim:
Such harmony is in immortal souls,
But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it."

Who, then, shall say that there may not be some to whom it has been given to behold forms, which the eyes of others may not see, and to hold converse with voices, which the ears of others may not hear? And by how much are we, who deny all these things, wiser than one who should turn his sightless orbs to heaven, and deny that light of the sun which he is not privileged to look upon?

But there are other and far greater difficulties, which beset the inquirer into Spiritualism. Oftentimes the spiritualist himself must feel it almost impossible to find an answer to objections so real, and, to all appearance, so conclusive. It is so hard to believe that these table-tiltings and rappings, and these silly, vulgar messages can really be the work of spiritual beings, living in a higher world, and breathing a purer air than ours. The leaven of the old orthodoxy clings around us yet. We had looked that an angel should lay aside his harp and crown, to come and whisper words of hope and comfort to his friends on

earth; and, failing that, for a fiend, fresh from the nethermost hell, and breathing defiance against high heaven in stately Miltonic prose. But these spirits who come to us now are as commonplace and vulgar as are most of those who believe in them. Their grammar and orthography are the same as when they wrote and spoke on earth. They seem to have gained no new ideas, no larger beliefs, from their change of state. The Atheist is an Atheist still; the Mussulman still firm in his allegiance to the Prophet of God; the Christian still bows down before the great white throne. And withal, the next world seems very much like this, with the same petty cares, aims, and occupations, but without the same prospect of Death to end them. "Hell is a city much like London," and the Devil "has neither hoof, nor tail, nor sting." Such is no exaggerated picture of what first meets the sceptic—which word, be it understood, is here used in its original meaning of inquirer. "How then," you may say, "if this be really a fair account of the matter, is our belief in spirit intercourse warranted? Would not our friends be the first to avail themselves of any means of communication with us? and would not they, at least, be able to tell us much that was both new and important for us to know, of the new experiences through which they are passing, and of the new life in which they now bear their part? And since no voice comes to us from them, or so feeble and uncertain at the best, are *we* not rather justified in believing that no such communication is possible?" Certainly we should be so, if we could take these two conditions for granted: if we are sure that they would be able to avail themselves of any means of intercourse, and we able to receive the news which they might bring. But we can have no certainty that either of these two conditions are fulfilled. And we have many reasons for believing that, if at all, they can be but very inadequately satisfied. For we see how very few in this world there are who know of the reality of spirit-intercourse, and how still fewer are they who practise it from any other motive than that of curiosity, be it enlightened and scientific, or otherwise. And seeing that Nature is the same in all circumstances and times, we are led to believe that this doctrine may be held in equal contempt on the other side of the grave. There, indeed, they cannot descend to that last stage of infidelity, and deny a life previous, as some of us a life to come. But doubtless spirits for the most part hold in derision any attempt to communicate with the world which they have left. For if communion between the two worlds be an established fact, it is probably no less hard to convince a spirit out of the body, than in the body, of its truth. And there must be other conditions necessary to such communion—conditions of whose nature we know almost nothing. The

phenomena of Mesmerism would seem to point to some subtle affinity between the medium and the controlling spirit, analogous to that between the operator and his patient. And if such sympathy be wanting, the spirit must fail to accomplish his purpose; so that our friends may feel the same difficulty in communicating with us, that we do with them. And if our friends, through ignorance or any other cause, be withheld from conversing with us, there are no lack of idle spirits ready to rush in and supply their place. And hence it comes that spirit communications are most commonly weak, childish twaddle, if nothing worse.

But suppose these obstacles to be for once surmounted, suppose some friend to be both willing and able, for his part, to bring in tidings of that other world in which he is, what security have we that his words would be understood by us? How shall the natural receive the spiritual, the earthly comprehend the heavenly? That we may the more clearly understand what is implied in this, let us suppose some apostle of Culture to undertake to instruct in all the customs of modern civilisation, that half-human race of Africans, too ignorant even to lie, of whom we have lately heard. How would such a missionary begin to perform his task, even were he fully acquainted with the sum-total of their scanty vocabulary? The gulf between them and him would gape so wide, that scarcely at any single point would the teacher and his hearers stand on common ground. He must translate what he wishes to teach into analogies that shall be familiar to them, and how scanty is the stock of experience from which he must choose! For their knowledge scarce extends beyond the observed facts that hunger is painful, and food and rest are good, and a vague terror of all that lies without them. And he is burning to tell them of sewers, of water companies, and of vaccination; of railroads and telegraph wires; of national education, and of the manifold blessings conferred by the school inspector; of the rights of women, and the extension of the franchise; with, perhaps, something of self-culture, and of "the Eternal not-ourselves that makes for righteousness." Must he not be content to show them only the next step at a time, and so guide them, year after year, and generation after generation, with no startling novelty, and no sudden advance, happy only if he see no retrogression?

But our supposed missionary is subject to the same laws, and breathes the same air, with the savages whom he instructs. But how must the difficulties be enhanced when the surroundings of the teacher are spiritual, and those of his hearers material! The things of the one world are inconceivable to the dweller in the other. He must be content to interpret his news

into earthly types, and in the process it will become news no longer. He will speak of crowns and robes of white; of cities and palaces; of occupations and enjoyments, like those of earth. But how faintly must these familiar images shadow forth the realities of which he speaks! Beyond vague symbolism he can tell us only what our mind had already guessed before—that in the spirit world there is work and progress, with all external conditions, as in the world of which we form a part. For anything more than this, by the very nature of our conceptions, we should fail to understand.

These illustrations may serve to point out some of the difficulties that must attend on spirit-communion. But yet, in this infinite dust-heap, let there lie concealed only one grain of gold, and it shall richly recompense the searcher for all his toil. And there seems, even now, a good hope that the time is coming when that dust-heap shall be thoroughly sifted. Since the beginning of this article was written these marvels have been discussed, at the length of four long hours, before a portion of the savants in Glasgow assembled. And, before that audience, Dr. Carpenter has promised to enter on the path which Messrs. Wallace, Crookes, and Varley have trod before him. Who can say whether or not it shall guide him to the same goal with them?

A NEW MEDICAL WORK.

THE author of "Will Ability," Mr. Jos. Hands, M.R.C.S., has in the press another work; this time on medical subjects. It is entitled, "Homœopathy and other Modern Systems Contrasted with Allopathy." It is a most comprehensive work, and no title could convey an adequate idea of its contents. All forms of Medication and Hygiene are profoundly treated, imparting a general knowledge of that which has frequently to be laboriously sought for in many volumes. Mr. Hands was a pupil of Dr. Jenner, the champion of vaccination, and, of course, he stands up valiantly for the assumed discovery of his master. But we think Mr. Hands would not be content to accept vaccination as it is propounded at the present day. The exponents of what is now called vaccination would do well to read after Mr. Hands, who is, we suppose, the only real representative of Jenner now alive.

The author's remarks on contagion are worthy of wide attention, and, if duly appreciated, would do much to relieve society of the causes of disease. On this head, he goes right in the face of received opinion, and seems to favour the views on quarantine laid down by Dr. Southwood Smith. Mr. Hands says:—"It is most doubtful whether certain of the disorders now held to be infectious are so in reality; at all events they do not resemble in their bearings and consequences those maladies known to be mediately and immedi-

ately zymotic or contagious in all directions, as with small-pox, scarlet fever, measles, &c. These are found to pervade alike the palace of the prince and the cot of the hind, are as prevalent on the hill as in the valley, similarly infecting the hot, cold, moist, and dry soils. Now this character does not appertain to the plague, cholera, yellow and typhus fevers; these prevail in certain localities, and are well-known from experience to burst forth only by means of the local prevalence or currents of malaria, which latter proceed along particular lines, spreading as they travel through predisposed or unhealthy districts. Plague and cholera have often predominated on one side of a camp, yet been entirely absent on the other. Further, it has been noticed that those terrific disorders are only acquired by persons who reside in, or venture into, certain pestilent localities. On the contrary, observation teaches us that infected individuals do not communicate these dire calamities to others when brought from malarious districts and placed in contact with those residing outside or at a distance from those morbid tracts.

"Dr. Armstrong, in his lectures, was accustomed to declaim against the bodily contagion of typhus fever, and he spent much of his time in mapping out all the districts in London, and even particular houses and buildings, where this malady prevailed. He often during his discourses gave testimony as to certain solitary cases occurring in schools and dwellings situated within the healthiest parts of the metropolis, which did not infect those persons surrounding the prostrate individual.

"Dr. Armstrong, moreover, holds to the opinion that typhus fever could be identified with the yellow fever as well as the plague, and that they were all three connected with particular exhalations and conditions of the earth and air, which, being pervaded by a peculiar miasm, produces intermittent, or remittent and continuous forms of fever."

After stating the *predisposing occasions of typhus fever* to be "principally depressed spirits, physical want and mental distress, fasting, fatigue, damp, and absence of sleep; lastly and principally, fear predisposes to typhus," Mr. Hands asks:—"Does typhus fever ever become contagious? Does it at any time acquire the additional property of communicability from one human being to another? We must appeal to facts, and facts only, for a solution of this problem. Dr. Armstrong and many other medical men have testified in their comments on this subject to a vast amount of solitary cases of the worst form of typhus, some of them occurring in schools, societies, and private houses, in which were located large families, yet no second person in either of the establishments was affected by this malady."

Mr. Hands thinks "the *Influence of the Doctrine of Contagion* is prejudicial to the sick. When typhus fever occurred in London under the name of a plague, individuals were shut up in their houses, the doors were marked with a cross, the sick became deserted by their friends and companions, and they perished in

crowds. Even now, when this affection prevails under another title, namely typhus, the dogma of contagion destroys many individuals.

"The creed of contagion is so selfish, it entirely excludes humanity and sensibility from the minds of men. It is the most cold, cruel, calculating tenet that ever was advanced. When the yellow fever prevailed in Philadelphia, parents abandoned their offspring, and children their fathers and mothers. In times gone by, if a parent were told that she laboured under certain contagious diseases, she would say to her offspring, 'Away! flee from me, abandon me to my fate!' And this was the promulgation of the doctrine of contagion.

"The creed of infection from contact is also detrimental to the attendants and neighbours of the sick. It is pernicious to those individuals from the *alarm* which it creates, and predisposes to different affections.

"The belief in contagion is unfavourable in a national point of view. Commerce is affected by this doctrine. The quarantine laws are very injurious to merchants, and to trade in general, and also interfere with the liberties of a country; yet they are sometimes enacted with the supposition that they will keep the plague from being imported into London. But the fact is, this malady has never been out of the metropolis; these laws, then, in even presuming the opinion of contagion to be true, are perfectly absurd."

It is shown that these diseases are produced by malarious influences predominating in certain houses and localities, and due to the inertness of the inhabitants in properly draining and cleaning their residences. "Wherever civilisation has advanced, there pest has receded, till it is now only to be found among the swamps of Egypt or in the filth of Constantinople. It is in the spring that it is fatal to the Egyptians, about which time the south winds prevail, loaded with miasmatic emanations from rotting animal and vegetable substances situated in the lakes formed by the retiring waters of the Nile. In June breezes blow from the north, passing over the Mediterranean, and this is the most healthy season. In Constantinople the month of August is most fatal, being that part of the year when decomposition goes on with the greatest rapidity. Dr. Platt observes, the reason why Oxford is more healthful than formerly is owing to the care of the magistrates in keeping the streets clear from filth. For previously to this period, he says, they used to kill cattle within the walls, and suffer the offal, &c., to lie in the streets. Moreover, about those times the Isis and Cherwell, through the heedlessness of the townsmen, being filled with mud and filth, and the common sewers by such means stopped, did cause the ascent of malignant vapours whenever there happened to be a flood. But since that, by the instigation of Richard Fox, Bishop of Winchester, in 1517, those rivers were cleansed, and more trenches cut for the water's free passage, the town has continued in a very healthful condition, and in a particular manner so free from pestilential diseases that the sickness of 1665, which

raged in most parts of the kingdom, never visited any person there. Now, what was done in Oxford in 1517 to remedy its unhealthiness has since been accomplished in all the principal cities of this country and on the Continent."

Writing of the causes of cholera, Mr. Hands says:—"But why the miasm arising from the overflow of the Nile should produce plague, that of the Ganges cholera, and of the localities situated in the tropics yellow fever, or our own marshes intermittent and typhus fever, we are entirely ignorant; nor can we at all account for the epidemic spread of certain endemic diseases. The doctrine of contagion has been had recourse to in cholera, as in other complaints, in order to explain its diffusion, and it was affirmed by the advocates of the exclusive operation of this principle that the disease has always been found to move in the line of human intercourse. But if it is meant to be asserted that its spread was in proportion to the communication between infected and healthy districts, the assertion is by no means supported by facts. Its appearance in Madras, whither, according to this doctrine, it ought to have been conveyed three months earlier by trading vessels from infected districts, was simultaneous with its breaking out in parallel latitudes in the interior. It did not reach Ceylon, to which, on the contagious principles, it should have arrived much sooner, by shipping from the infected parts of the coasts, until it had previously gained the nearest places to it on the continent, and had been long prevalent on both coasts of the peninsula. In its importation into this country likewise, supposing it to have been introduced, so far from following the great routes of human intercourse, it chose one of the least frequented paths. The principal evidence on this subject, which was collected during the last epidemic cholera, goes to negative its contagious character, and the advocates of the contrary opinion are at present ten to one the more numerous party."

The chapter concludes with a paragraph on the purifying and ventilating of houses: a vexed question, which is more difficult of a satisfactory solution than would be at first sight expected. "To carry this object out effectually every room in each dwelling should have two sets of tubes, the one entering the apartments in or near the ceilings, for the escape of the polluted and heated air; the other series of pipes opening near the ground of each sitting and bed room, &c., for the admission of cool, pure, and external atmosphere. The mouths of these air-conductors should be covered by perforated zinc plates, so as to prevent any sensible current into the apartment. Further, an additional mode of ventilating a house, and obviating the annoyance of smoke, would be by constructing double chimneys. If this economy were properly carried out by builders, we should never be troubled by cloud-fumes that now so often descend the flues opening into our rooms. Again, we should by the dual shafts be enabled to do away with all those unsightly erections often crowned with cowls, &c., &c., placed at the tops of our houses. As regards the construction of double chimneys, the one designed

for the purpose of the heated air and smoke to ascend should open immediately above the fire-place, whilst the shaft for the cold air to descend ought to open under the grate. This mode of forming chimneys would prevent the chilling draughts through the windows and under the doors, rendering screens unnecessary." There are many theories of ventilation, some of them extremely contradictory, and yet there are few rooms at all ventilated: there is either waste of heat or lack of air. We have only touched on one chapter of what will be a book of a most instructive character either for the general or professional reader.

ODIC FORCE OR WHAT?

(From the British Journal of Photography of Aug. 11, 1876.)

"Do you believe in ghosts, Mr. D.?" This question was put by a lady friend of mine whom I should have judged utterly incapable of entertaining ghostly ideas of any kind; for a more material, unimaginative soul I never met. Matter of fact, honest and open as the day, and kindly withal, were her characteristics, so that such a query put in a serious manner considerably surprised me. "Ghosts!" I repeated; "I cannot say that I do believe in them, otherwise than existing in the imagination of the seer." "Because," she continued, "since I last saw you a most curious occurrence has taken place, and perhaps you can help me to some explanation; as it is I am very much puzzled." I expressed a wish to hear about it, and she at once told me the following:—

"You are aware that occasionally, when busy in the season, I am accustomed to assist in spotting-out the mounted proofs. Last May our principal young lady in this department had been away ill for a few days, and I, in the meantime, continued her work. Thus engaged one night till nearly eleven o'clock with a pile of mounted cards on the table in front of me, from which, from time to time, I took one, touched out the imperfections, and placed aside, I at last came to a portrait I did not recognise as our work. It was the presentment of a middle-aged lady with grey hair, neatly curled on each side of her face, a rather heavy chin indicating determination of character—altogether a pleasant, striking portrait. Who was it? I could not call to mind any of our sitters at all like it. I did the requisite touching and laid it with the others, straining my memory as to the person. Another one of the same, another—six in all. On taking up the last I noticed a dark mark extending from the temple over the eye completely ruining the picture. Had I overlooked it in the others? I found I had; it was on all. I thought it strange that I should not have noticed it till the very last; but as I was getting sleepy, I accounted for it in that way. 'How careless of the printer,' I said to myself, 'to go on printing without getting the imperfection remedied; I must show them to him to-morrow and have it altered.' I brought my labours to a close for the night, locked up, and went to bed; but I could not sleep—a most unusual thing for me, who generally sleeps so well. There I lay tossing about, every sound seeming to startle me, listening and fidgeting, thinking of first one thing, then another, hoping my husband had met with no accident on his journey north, but that he would return with a good book full of orders. Then this spoiled print came into my mind. I speculated as to who it was, and it struck me then as very singular I had not noticed the mark until the very last, conspicuous as it was. After a time I fell asleep, and dreamed a dream in which the original of the portrait seemed soliciting my help from some danger or other. Vainly endeavouring to

make me understand what it was, the scene changed. In a large, handsomely-furnished room the same lady appeared in conversation with two men, one of whom snatched something from her hand and gave it to his companion. There was a struggle, in which I heard my name frequently called; but, as so often happens in dreams, I felt unable to stir, though I tried my utmost. I cried 'Help! help!' and in the midst of my excitement woke to find the sun shining into my window, and as genial and bright a May morning as we often see. I hurriedly got out of bed and dressed, unrefreshed by my night's sleep, proposing to myself a doze of medicine. The business of the day commenced; one thing or another prevented me continuing the employment of touching-out until the afternoon, when I thought of the spoiled prints and the directions to be given to the printer concerning them. I therefore went to fetch them down stairs for this purpose; but nowhere could I find them. No one had been into the room since I was there myself (to the best of my belief), after locking up the previous night, and the key was in my pocket. Where could they be? I came down, made inquiries, but, as I expected, no one had seen them or had been into my room. The mystery was that no one could recollect anyone being taken in any way resembling my description of the missing cards. The printer said he had no portraits at all like it at press for a week or more, and none then that would exactly correspond with my description. Puzzled and dissatisfied, I was compelled for the time being to let the matter drop. It was somewhat late that day before I could commence the spotting-out. Seated as before, a stack of photographs stood in front of me, from which, from time to time, I took one, touched, and laid aside, when, to my intense surprise, I found the six portraits that had given me so much trouble! Four times had I thoroughly looked through those pictures without seeing them, and yet here they were! I at once gathered them together and went down stairs to say I had found them, and to make inquiries. As it happened, all the young people had left for the day; so placing the cards in a drawer, kept for the purpose of holding prints requiring alterations, I returned to my work. How I could during so minute a search have managed to overlook them was unaccountable. One might have been missed, but, six! it was a mystery. I was making the table tidy before leaving for the night, when I observed a card on the ground, which I picked up—one of the same lady. 'Dear me!' I exclaimed, 'I must be getting very careless; I'm sure I thought I took all the six down stairs.' I laid it down, turned out the gas, and went to bed. My dressing-table faces the foot of the bed, a gas bracket projects from the wall at the side of the mirror, a few china toilet trays and bottles, with a small hand-mirror occupies the table, with a pin-cushion in front, which I had occasion to move, when I found another of these card portraits beneath it. It was one of the same lady that had so perplexed me. 'Some one is playing me an abominable trick, I see now. I will put an end to this nonsense to-morrow,' I ejaculated. I undressed and got into bed, hoping for a better night's repose than I had on the previous one, leaving the gas burning with a small flame, but sufficient to see all over the room. I may here say that, having once found a thief secreted in a wardrobe, I take the precaution of looking wherever anyone might be hidden, and then lock my bed-room door. This routine I go through every night before getting into bed; then I feel I can sleep in safety. I was more particular than usual that night, as I felt nervous and headache. I might have been, perhaps, an hour in bed when I woke up—not a gradual return to wakefulness, but suddenly I was wide awake, with all my faculties about me. 'What was that noise? Surely I heard something!' I looked in the direction from whence the sound seemed to proceed, and there, sure enough, was somebody—a female—partly kneeling, partly lying on the floor, seeming as if

trying to raise herself by the help of the chair. Thus much I saw by reflection in the toilet glass; the rest was hidden by the end of the bed. Vexation and astonishment at anyone daring to enter my bedroom without permission were my first feelings, and I spoke in anything but dulcet tones to the intruder, who took no notice, but still seemed struggling to rise. I asked again—'Who are you?' Still no answer. I began to feel frightened at this persistent speechlessness, and raised myself up in bed to get a better view of the intruder. In doing so I got a glimpse of the face, which, to my great horror, was that of the lady in the portrait which had so puzzled me. A crimson streak supplied the place of the mark on the temple and forehead in the portrait, and, with the exception of a little rill of blood trickling from the nostrils and over the chin and mouth, the face was deadly pale. To say I was alarmed is not the word for it; I was perfectly horror-stricken, as the poor, pale face looked pleadingly towards me. I rubbed my eyes to make sure I was not labouring under a delusion; I pinched myself; I was as wide awake as ever I was in my life. In the impulse of the moment I jumped out of bed and violently rang my bell, the rope of which, after the bell had sounded a tremendous peal, came down in my hands. I could not call; my tongue stuck to the roof of my mouth. That an attempted murder had taken place in my house occurred to me, and the victim had escaped to my room; but who and how—that was to me the mystery. However, these thoughts seemed to be jumbled in my mind and indefinite. It dawned on me at last to give assistance to whoever it might be (you must bear in mind all this took place in less time than it takes to tell you about it). I moved towards the chair, which was some distance from the bell pull, with this intention, but was interrupted by my servant knocking at the door. I told her to come in. As she did not, but continued knocking, I went to ascertain the reason, and found the door fastened, locked, and bolted safely on the inside as I always left it. I quickly undid the bolt, and the girl, seeing my scared look and hearing my frightened tones, asked me what was the matter. I pointed to the woman; but, lo! she had gone. I looked under the bed, in the cupboards, everywhere, but no trace could I find—no blood, no anything! My dressing-gown hung over the chair back, undisturbed, just as I had put it—nothing to indicate that anything unusual had taken place. I was bewildered. Sleep by myself I dare not; so telling my girl I felt ill and should like her to sleep with me the rest of the night, in case I required anything, once more got into bed; and, what with the excitement and fright, fell into a troubled slumber. Nothing further occurred that night, and in the morning I made another thorough search, but found nothing. Ill as I felt I could not lie in bed; but in the excitement of business tried to reassure myself I had been dreaming. Nervous and unsettled I felt all that morning I can tell you—especially when, in order to give the cards to the printer, I went to the drawer where I had placed them the previous evening, but found them gone! Nobody, as before, knew anything about it. No cards were to be found. Was I mad? This thought occurred to me. If not, I was ill, so sent for my medical man. I felt I could not tell him what had occurred; but he divined something had upset me, and asked if I had had any trouble to cause the symptoms. I said that I had. He advised me to rest, and did not push his inquiries, but suggested that my brain was too much taxed and my stomach a little deranged. He promised to send some medicine, and left. In the course of the afternoon, as I sat at my workroom window, a carriage drove up to the door, a lady got out, and after a word or two with the coachman, came in, requiring her portrait to be taken. She remained about half-an-hour, resealed herself in the carriage with her back towards me and drove off. Now this was such an everyday occurrence I should not have noticed it particularly, but that

I saw two disreputable-looking men soliciting alms at the window of the carriage, which they rapidly followed as it went away. Our manager soon afterwards came to see me, bringing a negative of the lady just taken to be retouched, as she particularly wished to have one that same evening if only a rough proof. I took it from him and nearly dropped it in my agitation when I saw it was the negative, to all appearance, from which the lost prints had been taken *minus* the mark on the forehead and temple, and the resemblance of the intruder of the previous night. I inquired if the lady had been taken before. The manager replied in the negative; he had never seen her previously. She told him she had just returned after a long residence in India, and was very chatty and pleasant. I directed him to get a proof off, and take it himself to the lady, at the same time to call at the police station on the way and deliver a letter for me. I requested him to be sure and see the lady herself and take her order. Our manager was surprised, as well he might, at such unusual directions, but was quite willing to oblige me. He afterwards told me I seemed so agitated and ill he thought there was something on foot, of which I had discovered the clue, connected with the lady, and became as anxious as I was to see the end of the matter. The proof was ready in the evening, and was taken, also my letter to the police station. I must now relate what occurred, as reported by our manager:—"I went, as you directed, to the station, and an officer was at once sent with me to wait outside the house whilst I delivered my proof. I could not make anyone hear, although the hall-door was open, so went into the lobby, which was shut off from the rest of the house by folding baize doors, to wait. Almost immediately I fancied I heard faint screams for help—so faint I could but just hear them. However, I pushed the baize door open and listened. I was sure then I heard some one call, and without hesitation went in the direction from which the sound seemed to proceed, which appeared to be a room on the left-hand side of the corridor. As the door was slightly ajar I looked in, and saw two ill-looking men ransacking an *escretoire*. I did not wait to make other observation, but at once fetched the policeman, and we entered the room together. The men made a desperate attempt to escape, dealing us some nasty blows before we overpowered them. The lady for whom I had brought the photograph lay partly on the rug in an insensible condition, with blood trickling from a cut on her forehead and temple, and would, in all probability, have died had we not fortunately come to her assistance."—The lady eventually recovered, although the shock to her system had been very severe, but the scar still remains. She always attributes her preservation to a special interference of Providence. Her account of the matter was as follows:—"As she was leaving my house, after having been photographed, two men asked for relief, giving such a piteous account of their condition that she told them to call at her house and she would assist them. When they called the housekeeper and servants were engaged in moving a heavy package below that had been just delivered by the railway people. The men, without ceremony, pushed their way into her room and straightway demanded her money; she was about to summon assistance when she received several blows on the head rendering her insensible. The rest the reader has heard. I need not say this lady is now one of my dearest friends. Yesterday, on looking over an old box, a portrait was discovered taken some years before in Calcutta, and which, strange to say, was the precise counterpart of the portraits that had given me so much anxiety. A scratch on the surface was the dark mark alluded to. This box had never been unfastened before since her return to England. Now, friend D——, what do you make of it? Can you help me to solve the mystery?"

I frankly confessed it was beyond my powers, and agreed with her it must have been a special intervention of Providence.

E. D.

“A NEW HEAVEN AND A NEW EARTH.”

ON READING SCHILLER'S “GODS OF GREECE.”

HAIL, blessed visions of a promised day!
 When dreams of poet shall be less than truth;
 When earth shall smile beneath a brighter ray,
 And feel renewed seven-fold the fires of youth:
 Then joy's full stream shall flow through every land,
 And heaven's wide arch one glorious temple prove;
 For then on every strand
 Shall rise the sun of love.

Then Science, with her wonder-working hand,
 Shall humbly sit at Mother Nature's feet,
 And, all-transforming with her magic wand,
 Shall render rugged earth a dwelling meet:
 All Nature's realms a common love shall feel,
 Through all alike a secret grace shall shine,
 A hidden bond reveal,
 The human heart divine.

No fabled hero-sun shall strike with death
 The trembling herds of cattle or of men;
 No monsters dire with pestilential breath
 Drag maid or infant to their loathesome den;
 No goat-hoofed Pan shall haunt the forest wild,
 Or mythic fancies people oak and stream:
 But then shall every child
 Be more than mystic's dream.

Then every tree shall whisper fairy lore,
 And every flower shall utter words of love;
 Then reckless passion shall betray no more,
 But each the rapture of enjoyment prove.
 A myriad grades of beauty shall divide
 The god-like spirit from th' inferior mind;
 But all, with hearts allied,
 Shall fit their sphere assigned.

A noble emulation still shall live,
 And spur the athlete to the distant goal;
 A rival's honours generous pleasure give,
 And kindly warm the sympathetic soul:
 Pantheons then shall rise in every clime
 In gracious memory of the true and fair,
 And each succeeding time
 Impartial worship share.

No Mœnad train around the god of wine
 Shall madly revel in licentious dance,
 Or thyrsus waving some satyric sign,
 And tempting fools with wild insensate glance;
 But sibyl-inspiration pure and high
 Beams glowing on the maiden's gentle brow,
 Before whose melting eye
 Th' austere sage shall bow.

When failing strength shall call on men to die,
 No ghastly spectre shall the summons bear;
 No childish fables flatter with a lie,
 Or hideous priestcraft truth's insignia wear.
 But hope sustained by reason gently yield
 A hampered life to find a wider sphere;
 A finer power to wield,
 Foretold by many a seer.

The worthiest actors on this stage of time
 Shall hear, applaud th' approving angel choir,
 With music sweeter than the spheral chime,
 And strive with strength renewed that will not tire.
 The might of longing and aspiring soul
 Shall even downward draw the loved and lost,
 Though cloudy curtains roll
 Between us and their coast.

Blaspheme not Nature as a dull machine:
 Each pulsing atom is with spirit fraught
 That only waits its era to be seen;
 Evoked from hidden worlds by force of thought.
 Then bid, ye bards, that glorious era hail,
 Assured that Dionysus, Pallas, Jove,
 Were only shadows pale
 Of coming truth and love.

S. E. BENGOUGH.

PROFESSOR BLACKIE ON CREEDS.

(*From "Songs of Religion and Life."*)

BROTHER, believe me, I respect thy creed,
 And in mine inmost shrine of reverence bow
 Before the men of strong firm-jointed thought
 Who framed, and with their hearts' warm life-blood signed
 That paper—thy confession; but to fling
 Damnation round against all other creeds,
 And plant myself, draped in most fine conceit,
 And laced in Orthodoxy all compact,
 A model for all forms of thought that be,
 Is not my fashion, and should not be yours.
 Thy sun-tanned brother in the glowing East,
 Where sacred Ganga rolls his ample flood,
 Bends not the knee to senseless blocks and beasts
 But to a SPIRIT: and his huge gilded idols
 Are but the clumsier spelling of a name
 Which no man spells completely: he believes
 In his own way, what you believe in yours.
 Him, too, the power of Universal God
 Hath touched: he, too, discerns the Soul that stirs
 The heaving clod: the mystery of life
 He probes: and in the battling din of things
 That frets the feeble ear, he seeks and finds
 A harmony that tunes the dissonant strife
 To sweetest music. If in the sober West
 High thought, and awful power of Hebrew faith

Hath taught thee much, and seemed to teach thee more,
Love more thy brother from thy larger breast.

There's my apology for the poor Hindoos:
Convert them, if you can, but do not damn;
Curse not the beggar when you dole your doir;
Preach, like St. Paul, in gentlemanly wise,
And do not swear that brindled hides are black
To make yourself look whiter. I believe
There is much high and holy wisdom hid
In what you damn wholesale; but, if you find
No sheep outside the Presbyterian fold
(All else being goats), and what I take for gold
You deem base brass, till stamped in thine own mint,
I would not strive with thee: God made thee so;
My thoughts would not lodge sweetly in thy skin.
Think in thy groove; 'tis safer footing so
For thee, and all with thee who love to live
Soft-fleshed within the fond familiar shell
Of custom'd old tradition; but refrain
From blaming me to my own nature true,
Who love the broad free range and shifting scene,
And still must strive beyond myself to gain
Some point of vantage, nearer as I deem
To God, and to the wide far-reaching scope
Of his rich varied plan. A little bird
Cage-born and bred may love to dwell secure
Within the wires, and wisely shrink from swell
Of wavy winds, and vans of venture stirred
In unfamiliar fields: fear saves the weak;
But the storm-nurtured freedman of the air
Will scorn to breathe where chains have lamed his wing.
Farewell! your creed may nevermore be mine;
I hold one God, but many forms divine;
Your's best—so be it!—but I may not bind
My heart to worship only in one kind;
Nor, where flowers prink the mead with diverse hue
Let one bright bloom usurp my wondering view;
And they are wise who love with like regard
Both rose and lily, where to choose is hard.
Leave me, dear friend, the luxury of my error,
To think that creeds are but a broken mirror,
With thousand Suns for one that lights the skies,
And one truth imaged in a thousand lies!

Some men will believe nothing but what they can comprehend—and there are but few things that such are able to comprehend.

ABOUT SCOLDING.—For the sake of your children, do not scold. It is a great misfortune to have children reared in the presence and under the influence of a scold. The effect of the continuous fault-finding of such persons is to make the young who hear it unamiable, malicious, callous-hearted; and they often learn to take pleasure in doing the very things for which they receive such tongue-lashings. As they are always getting the blame of wrong-doing, whether they deserve it or not, they think they might as well do wrong as right. They lose all ambition to strive for the favourable opinion of the fault-finder, since they see they always strive in vain.

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